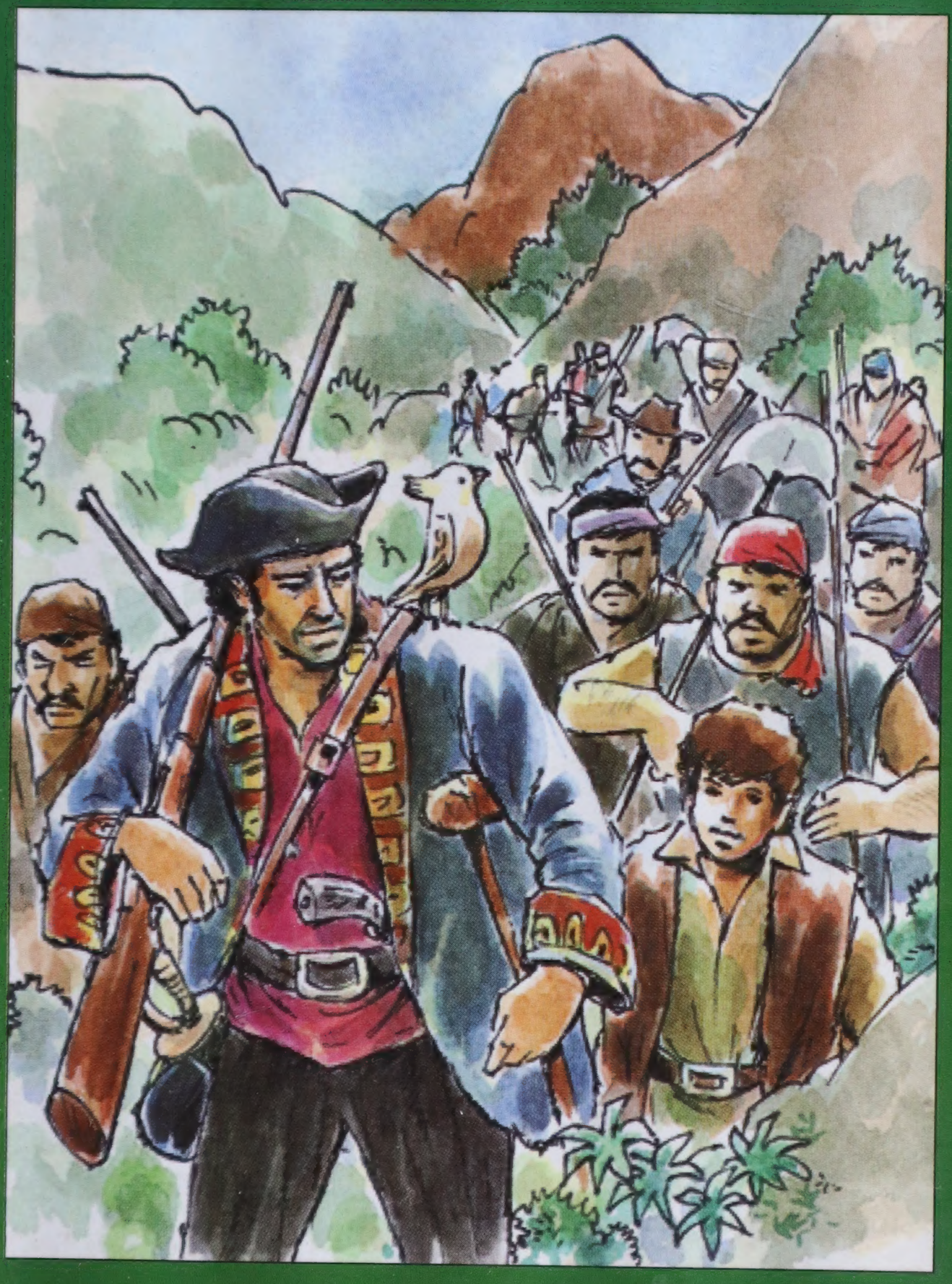
Orient Longman

EASY READING



Treasure Island

Books in the Series

Level 1

The Fisherman and the King
The Mango Tree
The Pigeons and the Birdcatcher
Baby Blue Whale's Birthday Party*

Level 2

The Lion and the Mouse and other short plays
The Snow Queen
Tales from the Arabian Nights
Rip Van Winkle and The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

Level 3

The Adventures of Tom Sawyer
Alice's Adventures in Wonderland
The Camel and the Jackal and other short plays
The Little Master of the Elephant
Tales of Ancient India*

Level 4

The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn
Four Stories from Shakespeare
The Happy Man's Shirt and other short plays
Treasure Island

Level 5

The Call of the Wild
Four Stories from the Mahabharata
A Tale of Two Cities
The Kabuliwala and other stories*

Level 6

David Copperfield
Pride and Prejudice

Level 7

Great Expectations
Jane Eyre*

* *Forthcoming*

ORIENT LONGMAN EASY READERS

LEVEL 4

Treasure Island

Robert Louis Stevenson

Simplified and abridged by
K. RADHA

K B A N M S (Bifurcated)
High School Library
Bangalore
560476

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A word about readers and reading

Childhood is a time of enchantment as well as innocence. The child's eye transforms even mundane incidents and objects into the contours of a magical landscape; and perhaps the most potent magic of all is created by the miracle of *reading*. Once the child has discovered the intoxication of reading, life cannot remain the same; in fact, this may be the only relic of one's lost childhood that the adult is able to retain to the end, for it allows constant renewal.

It is sad that today media threaten one of the great comforts and privileges of a civilised society–the joy of reading a book. For nothing, no advance in technology, can quite replace the printed book. The child's imagination provides the script, helped by a little 'cueing' from an understanding writer, for the most fantastic as well as moving tales ever created. It is precisely because the book enables the child to unlock the treasure-chest of her or his own imagination that it scores so easily over a predominantly visual medium such as television.

The value of *extensive reading*, or *reading for pleasure*, has been widely recognised by language teachers, particularly teachers of English. It has been proved that children who come from homes where habits of reading are encouraged, develop faster, cognitively as well as linguistically, than children from homes where little reading is done. In fact, in a situation such as ours, where English is only a second language, with restricted use within the comunity, it is *reading* that can contribute most to successful language learning. Of the many millions of Indian children who spend painful years at school trying to master this language, relatively few succeed; and it can be demonstrated that those who do are the ones who have taught themselves to *read*—independently and widely, and with understanding and pleasure.

It may be said that, on the whole, the teaching of English does not adequately support or foster habits of extensive reading. Very many children read only the prescribed 'reader'. While the textbook, properly used, can be instrumental in the development of many essential *skills* of reading, there are other important skills which can be developed only through extensive (rather than intensive) reading, such as the skill of reading fast in order to acquire an overall understanding of a text. The language learner needs exposure to a wider variety of text types than can be provided through a single prescribed 'reader'. It is also important that learners should be trained to do *sustained* reading, which means reading through a *full-length* book (no matter how short) rather than a truncated excerpt.

The purpose in introducing extensive reading is to encourage children to read *widely* and *independently*, without having to depend on the teacher's help. Ideally, we should expect a child to read at least four to six books a year. The secret of success in reading is to develop the confidence that the learner *can* read independently. It is possible, however, that many children may not be able to or be willing at first to undertake the effort required and will require guidance by teachers. However, help should be offered, if at all, only as a form of *transition*, with the aim of gradually reducing the learner's dependence on the teacher.

In many schools in our country as well as abroad, every classroom has a *reading corner*, where selected children's books are attractively displayed. Several times a week, there is a *reading hour*, when children are free to pick up any book they like and read without interference. Some of the acronyms created for such activities are USSR (Uninterrupted Sustained Silent Reading) and DEAR (Drop Everything and Read). The benefits of such activities, which allow children to decide what they should be doing during a particular period, go beyond the development of reading skills.

This series, which has already gained wide acceptance over the years, is being re-issued in a more attractive format. Old favourites are being retained, but the range of titles is to be expanded to suit current interests and tastes. Texts have been carefully reviewed; it is intended that while these 'abridgments' should be faithful in spirit to the originals, children should be exposed to writing that is contemporary in style and idiom.

We hope that teachers, learners and their parents will find the new books even more useful and attractive than the ones they replace. The editors and publisher will be grateful for comments and suggestions. Meanwhile, to all young readers: *Happy Reading* !

Bikram K. Das
Series Editor

About the series

The *Orient Longman Easy Readers* aim to help children discover the joy of reading without feeling the constraints of a limited vocabulary. It is an encouraging experience for the child to be able to read what Michael West has called '...an enthralling approximation of the original'. The series tries to open up to the readers the world of old classics as well as modern writings, all within their grasp, as the language is simple and controlled.

The books are carefully graded into seven levels so that students progress gradually through successive grades with increasing ranges of vocabulary. There are seven levels in all beginning with 250-300 headwords in the first level to 3500–5000 headwords in level seven. In addition to the basic core vocabulary there are topic words, which along with difficult basic words are glossed on the pages in which they occur. The seven levels are meant for the age groups five to seven years at level one, and go up to twelve to fifteen years at level seven. Apart from lexical control, the books also use a structural grading system that is familiar to the readers. Even within each level, they are linguistically graded.

Although the books are simplified versions of original literary works, every effort has been made to preserve the author's individuality of style and opinion. The series hopes to bring to the readers a well-written story which will motivate them to go on reading and give them an opportunity to increase language awareness so that they will eventually be able to read and respond to the stylistics of unedited texts.

About the book

Treasure Island (1883) is a masterfully crafted story of adventure and daring. Stevenson weaves a tale of high drama that Jim Hawkins and his friends encounter. The picturesque description of Treasure Island, the gory fights and the colourful characterisation keep the reader enthralled. Jim Hawkins is what most children would like to have been in their fancy. He is brave and loyal, but we too look admiringly at long John Silver, the one-legged pirate, whose presence pervades the story. He is cunning, treacherous and opportunistic, yet somewhere his sense of judgement and fair-play make him one of the most memorable and attractive characters. And we really don't feel sorry when he escapes in the end. Long after the book is read, the booming of the surf on Treasure Island and the parrot, Captain Flint's sharp cry, 'Pieces of Eight', 'Pieces of Eight', reverberate in our minds.

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) was born in Edinburgh (Scotland) into a family of distinguished engineers. His father Thomas Stevenson wanted his son to join the family business. But the younger Stevenson had neither the inclination nor the physical strength for it. He instead studied law but never practised it. Even as a child Stevenson was interested in writing and wrote for the *Edinburgh University Magazine*. *Treasure Island* was published in 1882 and the originality and power of his writings which till now were recognised by a few received wider recognition. It at once assured him of a place among the foremost imaginative writers. In 1888 he went to Samoa in the South Sea Islands, where he settled in 1890. He continued to suffer ill-health during the last years of his life and died in Samoa in 1894, where he lies buried. Among his other major works are: *Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde, Kidnapped* (both 1886) and *The Black Arrow* (1888).

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1 The old seaman

Squire Trelawney, Dr Livesey and my other friends have asked me more than once to write down the story of Treasure Island and our adventures. So I take up my pen in the year 17—, and go back to the days of my father and the inn called 'Admiral Benbow'. My father owned the inn, but few travellers came to stay with us and he did not make much money. He was not in very good health at that time and this added to our troubles. The arrival of the old seaman made everything worse.

I remember that day clearly. The old seaman walked heavily to the inn door. Behind him followed his great sea-chest in a hand-cart. He was tall, strong and heavy. His rough hands were full of scars and had black, broken nails. There was an ugly scar from a sword-cut on his cheek.

I remember him looking round the inlet, whistling to himself and singing an old sea-song (he sang it so often afterwards):

> Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

As soon as he entered our parlour he shouted for a

squire: the chief landowner in a country district
sea-chest: a large strong box, especially for storage
scar: mark left on the skin by a wound
inlet: strip of water coming into land from the sea
rum: strong drink made from sugarcane juice
parlour: a sitting room in a private house

bottle of rum and when my father brought it to him, he drank from it slowly.

"I'll stay her for a few days," he said. "I'm a simple man. I only want rum and plain food, and to watch the ships go by.... Oh, you want to know my name? You can call me captain." He threw down three or four gold pieces. "You can tell me when another payment is due," he said, looking as fierce as a commander.

His speech was rough and his clothes were stained. He was a fierce man and I thought he had once been the captain of a ship. All day he stayed near the shore looking out to sea through a telescope. All evening he sat in the front room of the inn, next to the fire, drinking rum and water. Every day when he came back from his walk, he asked, "Has any seaman passed by along the road?" When any sailor stayed at the inn, he was as silent as a mouse. He took me aside one day, and said, "A silver fourpenny for you on the first of every month, my boy, if you keep your eye open for a seaman with one leg, and tell me at once when you see him."

The fear of this one-legged man troubled my dreams. On stormy nights when the wind blew and the waves roared along the inlet, this one-legged man appeared to me in many frightening forms. In my worst dreams he followed me over fence and ditch. Altogether, I am afraid, I paid dearly for my monthly fourpenny.

telescope: an instrument using lenses or mirrors or both to make distant objects appear nearer
followed me over fence and ditch: followed me everywhere

Every day, after a good deal of rum and water, he sat and sang his wild sea-songs. Sometimes, he forced all the trembling company to hear his stories. The stories were about hangings, killings, storms and fights, and wild happenings and places on the Spanish sea. They said, "he has lived all his life among the most wicked men upon the sea."

The captain stayed on week after week, until all his money with my father was used up. My father was not bold enough to ask the captain for payment. Once he got up enough courage to ask, but the captain blew through his nose very loudly and looked at him very hard—and my poor father left the room at once. Perhaps the terror of the man speeded up my father's early death.

My father's health got worse and worse. Late one afternoon, Dr Livesey came to see him. After the doctor had dinner, he went into the parlour to smoke a pipe. I followed him in. How different the neat, bright and pleasant doctor was from the dirty, heavy and rude pirate! Suddenly the captain began to sing his familiar song:

> Fifteen men on the dead man's chest
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!
> Drink and the devil had done for the rest—
> Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!

Dr Livesey did not seem to hear the song. The captain struck the table with his hand, shouted an oath and said loudly, "Silence, there, between decks!"

pirate: sea-robber
oath: curse
decks: the top part of a ship

"I have only one thing to say to you, sir," replied the doctor. "If you continue to drink rum, the world will soon be free of a dirty scoundrel!"

The captain turned red with anger. He sprang to his feet, drew out a knife and pointed it at the doctor.

Dr Livesey did not move and said in a calm voice:

"If you do not put that knife in your pocket at once, you shall hang very soon indeed. I am not only a doctor but also a magistrate."

The doctor rode away, but the captain kept very quiet that evening and for many evenings after that.

6076

scoundrel: an unscrupulous villain, a rogue
magistrate: a civil officer administering the law

2 Black Dog

That year it was a cold and hard winter and my father's illness grew worse. My mother and I did all the work at the inn. On a cold morning in January, the captain went out to the beach, his cutlass swinging under his coat, his telescope hanging under his arm, and his hat pushed back on his head.

My mother was upstairs with father. The captain had gone out for a walk and I was getting the table ready for breakfast. Suddenly, the door opened and a man stepped in. I had never seen him before. His face was pale and two fingers were missing on his left hand.

He asked for rum and sat down at a table. As I was going out of the room to fetch it, he signed to me to come near. He looked at me for a minute and then asked me if his mate Bill was in the inn. I told him I did not know his mate Bill, but a person stayed in our house. "He's the captain," I said.

"Yes, yes, the captain," said he. "He has a cut on one cheek, and drinks plenty of rum? Is he in the house?"

"He's out walking and will return soon," I replied.

"Which way, son? Which way did he go?"

And when I pointed out the rock near the inlet and told him when the captain was likely to return, he

cutlass: a short sword with a slightly curved blade used by sailors
mate: a fellow worker, especially on a ship

said, "Ah, Bill will be happy to see me. And the stranger stood at the inn door and waited like a cat for a mouse. I began to dislike him. Once I stepped out into the road, but he called me back. He took me back into the inn, and pushed me behind the open door. I was very frightened. At last the captain walked in.

"Bill!" said the stranger. The captain turned round on his heel and stared at us; all the colour went out of his face as though he had seen a ghost.

"Black Dog!" said the captain.

"Yes, Black Dog. Come to see his old shipmate Billy, at the 'Admiral Benbow' inn. Let's sit down and talk like old friends?"

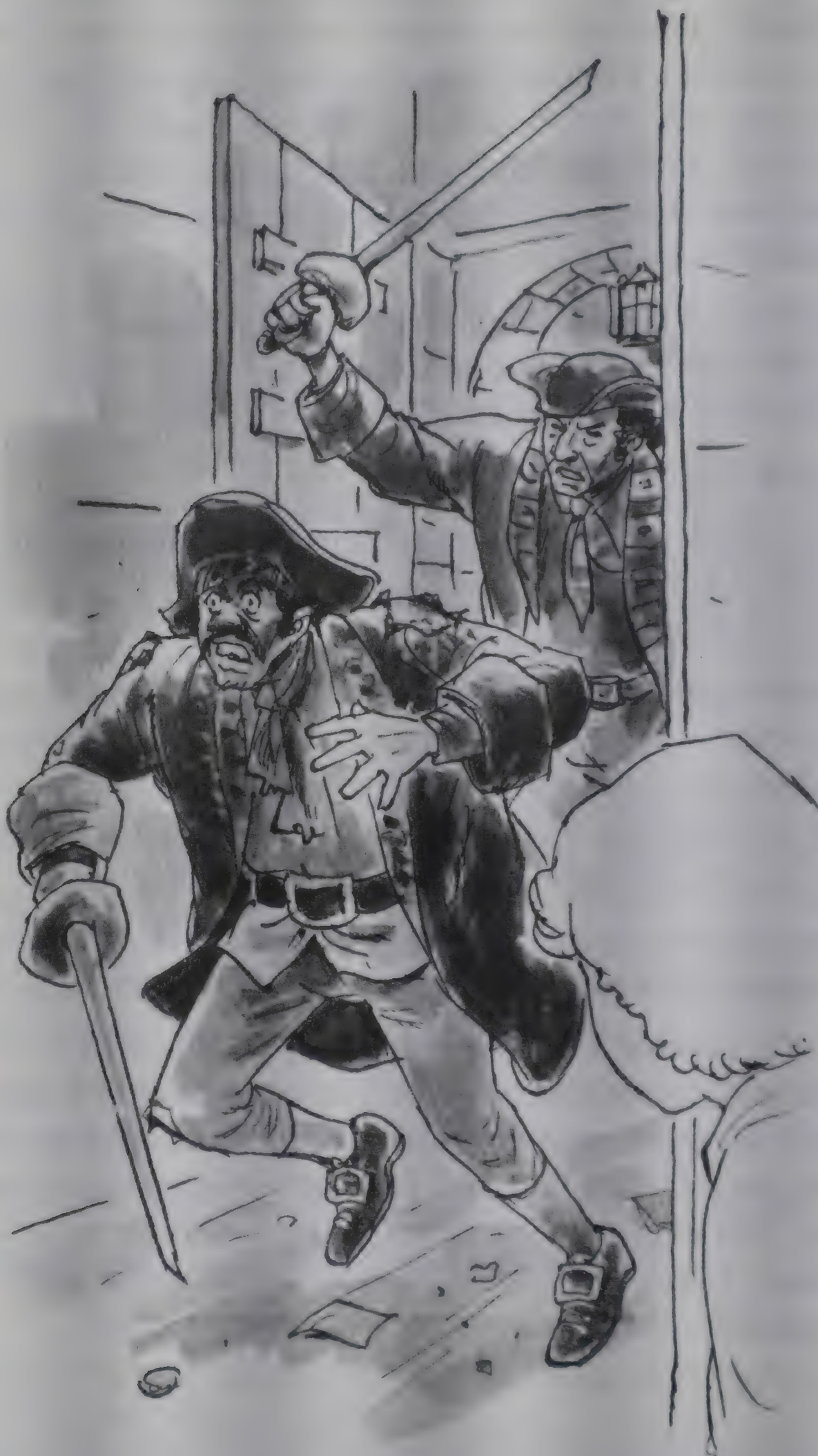
He then turned to me and asked me to go and leave the door open, "Don't try to listen through the keyhole boy," he said. I left them together and went into the kitchen. For a long time I heard nothing but low voices, but soon they began to grow higher.

"No, no, no, no; I will not have it!" the captain shouted. "If it comes to that, I say all should hang."

All of a sudden I heard oaths and the sound of steel on steel, then a cry of pain. The next second I saw Black Dog running out of the inn, blood streaming from his left shoulder and the captain running after him. The captain aimed his cutlass at him, but he missed. Black Dog disappeared over the edge of the hill in half a minute.

"Jim," said the captain, "get me more rum. I must go

shipmate: a person who works on the same ship



away from here." As he spoke, I saw him leaning on the table and going very pale. By the time I ran and brought the glass, the captain had fallen heavily on the floor. My mother ran down the stairs.

"Dear me," she cried, "what a shame on the house! And that too when you father is sick! What shall we do?"

I tried to put some rum down his throat, but his teeth were tightly shut and his jaws were as strong as iron. Suddenly the door opened and Dr Livesey came in, on his visit to my father.

"Oh, doctor," we cried, "what shall we do? Where is he wounded?"

"Wounded?" said the doctor, "he is not wounded at all. He has had a stroke. Now, Mrs Hawkins, run upstairs to your husband. I will do my best to save this fellow's worthless life. Jim, get me a basin!"

When I came back with the basin, the doctor had already torn open the captain's sleeve, and laid bare his big strong arm. It was tattooed in several places. 'Billy Bones' was tattoed neatly.

"Jim," asked the doctor, "are you afraid of blood?"

"No, sir," said I.

"Well then," said he, "you hold the basin." Then he took his knife and made a cut on the captain's arm.

Soon the captain opened his eyes and looked about

a stroke: a sudden attack of disability due to interruption in the flow of a blood to the brain
tattoo: make a design or write something on the skin by pricking it and putting in dye

him. First he recognised the doctor, then his eyes fell on me. Suddenly his colour changed, he tried to sit up, and cried:

"Where is Black Dog?"

"There is no black dog here," said the doctor. "You have been drinking rum, and you have had a stroke Now Mr Bones—"

"That's not my name," he cried.

"Never mind," returned the doctor. "It's the name of a buccaneer. I want to tell you this. One glass of rum won't kill you, but if you take one, you'll take another and then another, and that will be your death—do you understand that?—Come, I'll help you to bed."

"Now, take care," he added, "the name of rum for you is death."

And with that he went off to see my father, taking me with him by the arm.

buccaneer: a pirate, originally off the Spanish American coast

3 The black spot

At noon I stopped at the captain's door with some medicines. He was weak and excited.

"Jim," he said, "you know I've always been good to you. I've given you a silver fourpenny every month. Now I am ill and no one cares for me. Jim, you'll bring me just one glass of rum, won't you, mate?"

"The doctor—" I began.

The captain cursed the doctor and said, "That doctor there, what does he know about seamen? I have been on dangerous seas and to unknown lands—what does he know about all that?—and I have lived on rum. It's been meat and drink to me."

"Now look, Jim, how my fingers shake," he continued, "I'll see ghosts, Jim; I have already begun to see them. I see old Flint there in the corner. Your doctor himself said that one glass wouldn't do me any harm, I'll give you a gold coin, Jim, just for one glass of rum."

"I don't want any of your money," said I, "but you can pay my father for your stay. I'll get you only one glass." When I brought it to him, he took it greedily, and drank it up. He tried to sit but fell back on the bed.

"Black Dog?" I asked.

"Ah! Black Dog," said he. "He's a bad one, but there are worse men behind him. They'll put the black spot on me soon. Jim, if I can't escape before they come,

get on a horse and go to that doctor and tell him about Flint's men. They want my old sea-chest. I was old Flint's first mate. He gave it to me when he was dying. But don't say anything to anyone if Black Dog doesn't come again, or a seaman with one leg. His voice grew weak and I gave him his medicine. He fell at once into a heavy sleep and I left him.

I wanted to tell the whole story to the doctor, but my poor father died suddenly that evening. Our sorrow, the visits of the neighbours, the funeral arrangements and the work in the inn kept me busy. I had no time to think of the captain. Next morning he came down and had his meal. He ate little and had more than his usual supply of rum. On the night before the funeral he was drunk. The doctor was away on a case many miles off and was not near the house after my father's death.

On the day after the funeral, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I was standing at the door thinking of my father. It was very cold. Someone was walking along the road towards our inn. He was blind, for he tapped before him with a stick and wore a green shade over his eyes and nose. His back was bent, perhaps with age or weakness and he wore an old sailor's coat. I never saw in my life a more terrible figure. He stopped a little from the inn, and, in an odd sing-song voice, spoke to the air in front of him: "Will any friend tell me in which part of the country I am? I am a poor blind man. I lost my eyes fighting for my country, England, and God bless King George!"

"You are at the 'Admiral Benbow', Black Hill Inlet, my good man," said I.

"I hear a young voice. Will you give me your hand, my young friend and lead me in?"

I held out my hand; in a moment he held it tight. I tried to free myself but the blind man was very strong and pulled me close up to him, "Now, boy," he said, "take me to the captain, or I'll break you arm." I had never heard a voice so cruel and cold as that blind man's. I obeyed him at once and led him straight into the inn. The old buccaneer was there, drunk. He raised his eyes, and at one look, the rum went out of him. He tried to rise but could not.

"Now, Bill, sit down," said the beggar. "I may not be able to see but I can hear even when a finger moves. Hold out your left hand." I saw him passing something into the captain's hand. He suddenly left hold of me and went out of the inn and into the road. Soon I could hear his stick going tap-tap-tap into the distance. It was some time before the captain opened his hand and looked at the piece of paper in it.

"They've served me the black spot!" he cried.

"Ten o'clock!" he said after a little while. "Six hours. There's still time," and he sprang to his feet.

Even as he did so, he gasped and then, with a strange sound, fell to the floor. I ran to him at once, but it was of no use. This time the captain was dead. I had never liked the man though I had often felt sorry for him. But when I saw him dead, I burst into tears. It was the second death in my young life.

4 The sea chest

I told my mother everything, of course, as soon as I could. We knew we were in great danger. The captain had not paid us anything for his long stay at the inn, so we had a right to some of his money. His shipmates were after his sea-chest. We had seen two of them, Black Dog and the blind beggar; they would not pay up his debts, that was clear. I could go to Dr Livesey for help but that would leave my mother alone. We did not know what to do. We could not remain in the house. All the while we expected to hear footsteps. My mother said, "Let's go out together and ask for help in the village."

The village lay a few hundred yards away, on the other side of the road past the inn. It was dark when we reached it. I was happy to see the lights shining through doors and windows. We walked up and told the people there of our troubles. But they were all afraid. The name of Captain Flint was strange to me, but it was well known to them. It carried terror, and any mate of Flint frightened them to death. Several offered to ride to Dr Livesey's house, but not one of them came forward to help us.

Their fear made my mother bold. "If you big strong men will not do it, my boy and I will," she said. "I will not lose the money; it belongs to my fatherless child. We will go back and take our money. We will open that chest, even if they kill us."

My mother and I set out again in the cold night. My heart was beating fast. A full moon was beginning to rise. We went along, noiseless and fast, and reached the door of the inn. We got into the house and I shut the door at once. We stood and waited for a moment in the dark, alone in the house with the captain's dead body. Then my mother got a candle, we held each other's hands and moved forward into the parlour. The captain lay as we had left him, on his back with his eyes open, and one arm stretched out.

"Quick," said my mother, "we must get the key from him."

I went down on my knees at once. On the floor close to his hand was a bit of paper. I picked it up and read: "You have till ten tonight." The paper was blackened on one side and cut in a circle. The black spot! "He had till ten mother," said I, just as I said it, our old clock began to strike. It was only six.

"Now, Jim," said my mother, "that key." I felt his pockets, looking for his key. I tore open the shirt. There, tied to a bit of dirty black string, was the key! We hurried up to his room. His great box had stood there under the bed since the day of his arrival.

The lock was old but my mother managed to open the chest. The smell of tobacco came from inside. On the top was a suit of clothes, carefully brushed and folded. Under that, there were several things—two pipes, a tin, some tobacco, two pistols, an old Spanish watch and a pair of compasses. Under this there was an old coat. This my mother pulled up quickly and there was before us, a number of papers tied up in cloth and a canvas bag full of gold coins.

"I'll show these rogues that I am an honest woman," said my mother. "I'll have my money, and not a penny more." And she began to count out the money from the canvas bag. I suddenly touched her arm, for in the silent, cold air, I heard a sound. It brought my heart into my mouth—the tap-tapping of a blind man's stick upon the road. At the same time, a low whistle sounded from the hill.

"Mother," I whispered, "let's take those and go."

I picked up the papers and we left the candle by the captain's sea-chest. Soon we were feeling our way downstairs. We reached the door, opened it and ran out. The moon was beginning to shine brightly on either side of the high ground. The sound of several running footsteps reached our ears. We walked faster.

"My dear," said my mother, "here, take the money and run on, I can't go on any longer."

This was certainly the end for both of us, I thought. One moment I cursed our neighbours, the next moment I blamed my poor mother for her honesty and greed. Luckily we were just then at the little bridge. I helped my mother to the edge of the bank; she gave a sigh and fell on my shoulder. I do not know how I had the strength to do it all, but I managed to drag her down the bank and a little way under the bridge.

rogue: wicked person

5 The attack on the inn

My curiosity was in a way stronger than my fear and I could not stay any longer under the bridge. I slowly crept to the bank and hid behind a bush. From here I could see the road before our inn door. Soon our enemies began to arrive. There were seven or eight of them, and in the middle was the blind man. There was a man with a lamp some steps in front. They stopped when they reached the door.

"Down with the door!" the blind man cried.

"Ay, ay sir!" answered two or three of the men and rushed towards the 'Admiral Benbow', the man with the lamp following.

"In, get in!" the blind man shouted, and cursed them for their slowness. His voice trembled with impatience. They found the door open and entered our house. There was silence, then a cry of surprise, and then a voice shouted from the house: "Bill's dead!" But the blind man swore. "Search him, some of you, and the rest go up and get the chest," he cried. I heard people running up our old stairs. There were fresh sounds of astonishment. A man leaned out of the window of the captain's room and addressed the blind beggar on the road below.

"Pew," he cried, "they have been here before us. Someone has already opened the chest and taken things out." Another fellow came to the door of the inn and cried: "They have searched Bill already,

there's nothing left."

"But there's a candle here," said a fellow from the window at the top.

"It's those people of the inn—It's that boy. I wish I had put his eyes out!" cried the blind man Pew.

"They can't be far. They may still be in the house. Look again, boys, and find them," he shouted, striking with his stick upon the road. They searched the house, throwing the furniture over, kicking doors in and breaking things. And just then I heard the whistle from the hillside, but this time it was twice repeated. It was a warning to the buccaneers, of danger.

"There's Dirk again! Twice! Let's get a move on, mates," said one.

"A move on, you fool?" cried Pew. "Find the boy first. You want to be as rich as kings, don't you? I, a blind man, found Bill. Am I to be a beggar when I could be rich? Look for them, dogs! Oh, if only I had eyes!"

But the buccaneers were frightened. They said the soldiers were coming. Pew's anger rose and he began to strike them left and right. His mates, in turn, cursed him and tried to take his stick from away.

This quarrel saved me and my mother, for while it was still going on, another sound came from the top of the hill—the sound of horses coming fast towards us. At the same time a pistol-shot came from the side of the hill, the last warning from Dirk. The buccaneers turned at once and ran in every direction. Within half a minute, not a sign of them remained

get a move on: run away

but Pew. He turned this side and that, tapping up and down the road and calling to his mates:

"Johnny, Black Dog, Dirk," he cried. "You won't leave old Pew, mates—not old Pew!" Just then four or five men on horseback appeared at the top of the hill, in the moonlight, and swept at full speed down the path. Pew tried to save himself and ran for the ditch. But it was too late.

Down went Pew with a cry and the first horse went over him. Pew fell on his side, turned over on his face, and moved no more. I rose to my feet and called to the riders. The villagers had reported that there were several strangers on the road. A small ship was seen in Kitt's Hole, an inlet a little distance away from our inn. The officers, set out that night in our direction to reach Kitt's Hole. This saved our lives—my mother's and mine.

Pew was dead, stone dead. My mother was carried to the inn and laid on a bed. Mr Dance, the supervisor, and some of his men rode on, as fast as they could, to Kitt's Hole. But by the time they got there the ship was gone. "Well, Hawkins, what were they after?" he asked, after I told him everything. "They have taken the money from the chest. But why did they leave the house in such a state? Were they after more money?"

"No, sir, not money, I think," I replied. "In fact, sir, I believe I have the thing in my pocket. I want to hand it over safely to Dr Livesey, the magistrate."

6 The map

"Right," he said. "Come along Hawkins, I'll take you to the magistrate."

After a rather long ride we stopped before Dr Livesey's door. The house was all dark and the doctor was not at home. His servant told us that he was at the squire's house, to dine and spend the evening.

"So there we go, boys," said Mr Dance.

The servant led us into a great library. The squire and Dr Livesey sat on either side of a bright fire. Squire Trelawney was a tall man, over six feet high, and broad in the chest. He had a rough face because of his long travels. His eyebrows were very black and moved readily, and this gave him a fierce look.

"Come in, Mr Dance," said the squire.

"Good evening, Dance," said the doctor. "And good evening to you, friend Jim. What brings you here?"

The supervisor stood up straight and stiff, and told his story. The two gentleman leaned forward and looked at each other; "Mr Dance," said the squire when he finished the story. "You have done very well. You say you rode down that blind rogue." This boy Hawkins has done well too, hasn't he? Mr Dance, have some ale."

"And so, Jim," said the doctor, "they want the packet

ale: a kind of beer

and you've got it."

"Here it is, sir," said I, and gave him the packet containing the papers. The doctor put them quietly in the pocket of his coat.

"Squire," said he, "Dance must go on his work but Jim Hawkins can sleep at my house; he can have his supper here." I had a good meal, for I had not eaten for hours. Mr Dance had his ale and rode away. Dr Livesey said, "You have heard of this Flint, I suppose."

"Heard of him!"cried the squire. "Of course I've heard of him. He was the most blood-thirsty pirate that ever sailed. He was a terror to the Spaniards. I'm certain he has saved up a large treasure."

"Perhaps there is in my pocket a map of Flint's treasure. With Jim's permission we'll open it." And the doctor laid it on the table. The packet contained two things—a book and a sealed paper.

"First we'll try the book," said the doctor.

The squire and I were both looking over his shoulder as he opened it. There were only some bits of writing on the first few pages, mostly single words and figures. Sometimes the name of a place was there, marked with crosses; sometimes just a mention of latitude and longitude, as "62° 17′ 20″, 19° 2′ 40″"

"I can't make head or tail of this," said Dr Livesey.

"The thing is as clear as daylight," cried the squire. "The crosses stand for sunken ships or sacked towns.

latitude: the distance north or south of the equator
longtitude: the distance east of west from the meridian passing through Greenwich (near London)
sacked: looted

This is the black-hearted scoundrel's account book. The sums are his share of the plunder."

"Right!" said the doctor. "See the number goes up."

"And now," said the squire, "for the other."

The paper had been sealed in several places. The doctor opened the seals with great care, and there fell out the map of an island, with latitude and longitude, names of hills, bays and inlets, and every detail that would be necessary to bring a ship upon its shores. The island was about nine miles long and five across: it had two fine harbours and a hill in the centre marked 'The Spy-glass'. There were crosses in red ink—two on the northern part of the island and one is the south-west, and near it, also in red ink, in a small neat hand, were these words: 'Most of the treasure lies here.' Over on the back, the same hand had written this further information:

'Tall tree, Spy-glass shoulder, direction, bearing a point to the N. of N.N.E.

'Skeleton Island E.S.E. and by E.

'Ten feet.

'The bar silver is in the north cache; you can find it by the trend of the east hummock, ten fathoms of the black crag with the face on it.

'The arms are easy found, in the sand hill, N. point for north inlet lake, bearing E, and a quarter N.

'J.F.'

"Livesey," said the squire, "you can give up your practice at once. Tomorrow I start for Bristol. In three weeks' time we'll have the best ship, and the finest crew in England. Hawkins shall be cabin-boy.

crew: all the sailors working on a ship

You, Livesey, are ship's doctor. We'll take my men, Redruth, Joyce and Hunter. We'll have good winds, a quick voyage, and not the least difficulty in finding the spot. Then we'll have money to eat—money to roll in!"

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "I'll go with you, and so will Jim. There's only one man I'm afraid of; and that is you, for you cannot hold your tongue. Other men know of this map. These fellows—Pew's mates—are bold, cruel men. There are more of them on that little ship. They'll all do their best to get that money. We must not go about alone until we get to sea. Jim and I shall stick together; you'll take Joyce and Hunter when you ride to Bristol; and not one of us must breathe a word of the treasure."

"Livesey," said the squire, "you mark me from now. I'll be as silent as the grave."

Our first plans did not work out. The doctor had to go to London on some business. The squire was at Bristol and I lived at the Hall under the care of Redruth, the oldest of the squire's servants. In the evenings by the fire, I thought about Treasure Island. So the weeks passed on. One fine day, a letter arrived addressed to Dr Livesey. On it was written, "Young Hawkins to open this, if Dr Livesey is absent." I opened it and found the following important news.

Old Anchor Inn, Bristol
March, 17—

'Dr Livesey—The ship is bought and fitted. It is a sweet thing, even a little boy can manage it—name, *Hispaniola*. I got her through my old friend Blandly and I think I got it cheap. Everyone in Bristol helped me when they heard that

we were sailing for treasure. Some of them do not like Blandly and say that I paid too a high price for it. But no one says it is not a good ship.

'Everything has gone well. My only difficulty was to find the crew. I needed twenty of them and only managed to get half a dozen men. But my good luck brought me to the right person. He was an old sailor, kept a public house and knew all the seamen in Bristol. He was very eager for a voyage, and out of pure pity I appointed him ship's cook at once. He is called Long John Silver. He has lost a leg in the King's service, but the poor man has no pension!

'He is most useful and knows all about the sea. He helped me to get the rest of the crew. Long John even sent away two of my six sailors.

'I am in the best of health but I cannot be quite happy till the ship is ready for sea. The call of the sea excites me even more than the treasure. So now, Livesey, come at once, do not lose an hour.

'Let young Hawkins go at once to see his mother, with Redruth for a guard; and then both come full speed to Bristol.

'John Trelawney.'

'I hear Silver has money in the bank. He leaves his wife, a coloured woman, to mange the inn.

'J.T.'

The next morning Redruth and I set out on foot for the 'Admiral Benbow', and there I found my mother in good cheer. The squire had set everything right at the inn. He had also appointed a boy as her help. The next day, after dinner, Redruth and I were on the road. I said good-bye to mother, to the old familiar inlet and the 'Benbow' inn. The mail-coach picked us

public house: a place where food and drink are sold
mail-coach: a coach used to carry mail and passengers

up in the evening and though the night air was cold and the coach shook, I fell asleep. When I opened my eyes, we were standing before a large building in a city street.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Bristol," said Tom Redruth, "Get down."

Mr Trelawney was staying at an inn near the harbour and we walked towards it. On our way, to my delight, I saw a number of ships of all sizes and countries. And I was going to sea myself—to sea in a ship, with a piping boatswain and singing seamen; I was going to an unknown island, to seek for buried treasure!

While I was still in this dream, we stopped suddenly in front of a large inn and met Squire Trelawney. He was dressed out like a ship's officer and smiled at us and cried: "Here you are, and the doctor came last night from London. Cheers, the ship's company is complete!"

"Oh, sir," cried I, "when do we sail?"

"Sail?" said he, "we sail tomorrow, my boy!"

boatswain: a ship's officer in charge of the crew

7 Long John Silver

After breakfast the squire gave me a note addressed to John Silver. I picked my way among a great crowd of people and carts and horses until I found Silver's inn. It was called the 'Spy-glass' and had a telescope for a sign. It was a bright little place. As I stood at the door, a man came out of a side room and I knew at once that he was Long John. His left leg was cut off close to the hip, and under the left shoulder he carried a crutch. Tall and strong, he had a cheerful face and whistled as he worked.

From the very first mention of Long John in Squire Trelawney's letter, I had my own fears. Could this be the one-legged man of my bad dreams at the inn? But one look at him set my fears at rest. I now could recognise a buccaneer. This man Silver was very different—he was clean, pleasant and the smiling landlord of an inn. I took courage at once and went upto him. "Mr Silver, sir?" I asked.

"Yes, my boy," said he. "Who has sent you?" When I gave him the squire's letter, he gave a start. "Oh," he said, quite loud, "I see. You're our new cabin-boy; I'm pleased to see you."

Just then one of the men at the far side got up suddenly and went towards the door. He was out in the street in a second, but I recognised him at once and cried, "It is Black Dog!"

Silver asked, "Black what?"

"Dog, sir," said I. "Hasn't Mr Trelawney told you of the buccaneers? He was one of them."

"A buccaneer? In my house!" cried Silver. "Harry, run and catch him. Ben, run and help Harry. Morgan, step up here. Were you drinking with him?"

My fears had returned when I saw Black Dog at the 'Spy-glass' inn. Harry and Ben, came back breathing hard, and said that they had lost him. Silver shouted and swore at this; he cursed them again and again. I kept a careful eye on him but he was too clever and too deep for me. I soon came to believe that he was a very honest and pleasant inn-keeper.

Silver and I walked back through the crowds. He told me all about the different ships in the harbour. He explained the work of the sailors on them. We reached the inn and found Dr Livesey and the squire seated together deep in conversation. Long John told the story from first to last, with a great deal of excitement.

After he had left Dr Livesey said, "Well, squire, I don't usually think much of your judgment, but I will say this, Long John Silver suits me."

"The man is a jewel!" declared the squire.

"And now," added the doctor, "can Jim come with us?"

"Sure," said the squire. "Take your hat, Hawkins, and we'll see the ship."

The *Hispaniola* lay some way out. As we stepped on board our ship, we were met and saluted by the mate Mr Arrow, a brown old sailor with earrings in his

mate: the seniormost officer on a ship, next to the captain

ears. The squire was very familiar with the mate; he was not so with the captain. Captain Smollett was a sharp-looking man, and it was clear that he was angry with everything on board. We had just got down into the cabin when a sailor followed us and said that Captain Smollett wanted to speak with the squire.

"Show him in," said the squire.

"Well, captain," the squire said, "all well, I hope."

"Well, sir," said the captain, "to speak plainly, I don't like the voyage." I don't like the men."

"Perhaps, sir, you don't like ship?" asked the squire.

"I don't say that, sir," said the captain. "She seems good enough."

"Perhaps, sir, you don't like me?" said the squire.

Here Dr Livesey cut in, and said, "Wait a bit. The captain may have his reasons."

"You don't," he addressed the captain, "like the voyage. Now, why?"

"I was appointed, sir, on secret orders, to sail this ship for that gentleman," said the captain. "But I find that every man on the ship knows more than I do. I hear that we're going on a treasure voyage and that it's supposed to be a secret. I don't think either of you gentlemen know what you are doing. It's going to be life or death for us."

"That's all very clear, and true enough," replied Dr Livesey. "We take the risk, Next, you say you don't like the crew. Why, are they not good seamen?"

familiar: friendly

"I think," continued Captain Smollett, "a captain must choose his crew. The mate, Mr Arrow, is a good seaman but he's too familiar with the rest of the crew."

"I understand. Why didn't my friend take you along when he chose the crew? That was a mistake," replied the doctor. "Well, now, what do you want, captain?"

"Well, gentlemen, are you sure you want to go on this voyage?" the captain asked.

"We're very sure," answered the doctor.

"Very good," said the captain. "You've heard me very patiently; so you can listen to a few words more. They're putting the powder and arms in the forehold. Why not put them under the cabin?—first point. You're bringing four of your own people. Why not let them sleep beside the cabin?—second point."

"Any more?" asked Mr Trelawney.

"One more," said the captain. "There's been too much talk already. I heard that you've a map of the treasure island, and that the island lies—" And then he named the latitude and longitude correctly.

"I never told that," cried the squire, "to anyone!"

"The men know it, sir," returned the captain.

"Well, gentlemen," continued the captain, "I don't know who has the map, but it must be a secret even from me and Mr Arrow."

"All right," said the doctor. "You wish us to keep it a secret, and to store the gunpowder and arms under the cabin. In other words you fear a mutiny?"

forehold: cargo is stored in the hold of a ship—forehold is the front part
mutiny: a rising by soldiers or sailors against their officers

"Sir," said Captain Smollett, "I do not say that. Some of the men, I think, are honest. But I have to answer for the ship's safety and the life of every man on board. I see that things are not going quite right. All I ask you is to be careful. And you'll find I do my duty."

With that he left us.

"Trelawney," said the doctor, "you have managed to get two honest men, that man and John Silver."

"Silver, yes," said the squire, "but I think the captain's behaviour was unmanly, unsailorly and un-English!"

"Well," said the doctor, "we shall see."

When we came on deck, the men had already begun to take out the arms and powder. The captain and Mr Arrow stood by and watched. We were all hard at work, changing the powder and the berths when Long John came up in a boat. He came up the ship's side like a monkey and said, "So ho, mates! What's this?"

"We're changing the powder, Jack," answered one.

"If we do, we'll miss the morning tide!" cried John.

"My orders!" said the captain shortly. "You may go below, my man. Hands will want supper."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the cook and disappeared at once in the direction of his kitchen.

"That's a good man, captain," said the doctor.

"Very likely, sir," replied the captain. Then he turned to me and cried, "here, you ship's boy, off with you to the cook and get down to work." I agreed with the squire and hated the captain deeply.

hands: members of a ship's crew

8 The voyage

All that night we were very busy, we had to put everything in its place. Boatfuls of the squire's friends, Mr Blandly and others, came to wish him a good voyage and a safe return. A little before dawn, the boatswain sounded his pipe and the crew began to take their places. Everything was new and interesting to me. Long John was standing by with his crutch under his arm. He broke out into the familiar song:

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
And then the whole crew sang the chorus;
Yo-ho-ho and a bottle of rum!"

Even at that exciting moment I remembered the captain's voice at the 'Admiral Benbow'. Soon the anchor was lifted; and the *Hispaniola* had begun her voyage to Treasure Island. I am not going to give an account of the voyage in detail. The ship was a good ship and the crew were good seamen. But before we reached Treasure Island, two or three things happened which must be mentioned.

First of all we discovered that Mr Arrow was a bad officer. He had no command over the men, and they did what they pleased. He was often drunk. Time after time, he was ordered below deck. Sometimes he fell and cut himself; sometimes he lay all day long

anchor: a heavy piece of iron, lowered from a ship to the bottom of the sea, so that the ship cannot move

in his berth. Where did he get the drink from? We could never find out; that was the ship's mystery. Nobody was much surprised, nor sorry, when, one dark night, he disappeared and was not seen again.

So there we were, without a mate; we had to appoint another. The boatswain, Job Anderson, was a clever seaman, and he served in a way as mate. Mr Trelawney had been to sea before; this made him very useful, for he often took a watch himself in easy weather. The coxswain, Israel Hands, was a careful, old and skilful seaman; he could do any kind of work. He was a great friend of Long John Silver.

"He's no common man," said the coxswain to me. "He went to a good school in his young days and he is brave—a lion is nothing beside Long John!" It was clear that Long John was no ordinary ship's cook. He could use his crutch with great skill even on deck. He carried his crutch by a strong, short piece of string round his neck, and he could have both his hands free when he wished. All the crew looked up to him and obeyed him. He had a way with each of us, and did everybody some service. To me he was always kind and he liked to see me in the ship's kitchen.

"Come away here, Hawkins," he would say. "Nobody's more welcome than yourself, my son, sit down. Here's Captain Flint—I call my parrot Captain Flint, after the famous buccaneer—here's Captain Flint wishing us a good voyage. Weren't you, Captain?" And the parrot would say, "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!" until John threw his handkerchief over the cage.

watch: a period of duty on a ship
coxswain: the person who steers a ship

We had some heavy weather, but this only proved the qualities of the *Hispaniola*. Every man on board seemed happy enough. It is my belief that no ship's crew was ever so spoiled; the squire ordered special dishes if he heard it was a man's birthday; and there was always a barrel of apples standing, any seaman could help himself when he wanted.

It was about the last day of our voyage, by the calendar. Some time that night, or at latest, before noon of the next day, we would arrive at Treasure Island. The *Hispaniola* rolled on the waves and the wind filled her sails; everyone was full of cheer, because we were now so near the end of the first part of our adventure.

Just after sunset, when all my work was over and I was on my way to my berth, I wanted an apple. I ran on deck. The man at the helm was watching and whistling gently to himself. I got into the apple barrel, and found no apples left. I sat down there in the dark, and the sound of the waters and the rocking motion of the ship made me feel sleepy. I was falling asleep, when a heavy man sat down with a noise close by. The barrel shook as he sat against it. I was about to jump up when the man began to speak. It was Silver's voice, and, before I had heard a dozen words, I prayed no one would see me. I lay there, trembling and listening in great fear. From those dozen words, I understood that the lives of all the honest men on board the *Hispaniola* were in great danger. Only I knew it and could warn them before it was too late.

barrel: a large round container
helm: the wheel to steer a ship

9 In the apple barrel

"No, not I," said Silver. "Flint was cap'n; I was under him. On that voyage the same shot took off my leg and old Pew's eyes.

"Ah!" cried the voice of the youngest hand on board, "he was the best of the lot, was Flint!"

"I sailed first with Cap'n England, then with Flint," said Silver, "and now I sail on my own. I have saved nine hundred pounds from England and two thousand from Flint. That isn't bad for a seaman, is it—all safe in the bank.

"The gentlemen of fortune lead rough lives. If caught, they'll hang; but they eat and drink like fighting-cocks, and when a voyage is over, why, they've hundreds of pounds in their pockets. If foolish, they spend it all on rum and a good time. They go to sea again in their shirts. But that's not my way. I put it all away, some here, some there, and not too much anywhere—for that will make people talk. I'm fifty, mark you; once back from this voyage, I'll be a gentleman. Ah, I've lived well all these years; I've slept on a soft bed and ate good food all my days, except when at sea. And how did I begin? An ordinary seaman, just like you!"

"Well, I tell you now," replied the young seaman, "I didn't like the job very much till this talk with you, John: but there's my hand on it now."

"And a brave man you are, and clever, too," answered

Silver. He shook hands very heartily indeed with the young sailor.

By this time I had begun to understand the meaning of some of their words. By 'gentleman of fortune', they meant a common pirate. This little scene was perhaps the last one in many talks between Silver and the young seaman. Silver had just turned an honest hand into a pirate. He then gave a little whistle and a third man came up and sat down.

"Dick's on our side," said Silver.

"Oh, I know that," returned the voice of the coxswain, Israel Hands. "He's no fool. But, I want to know this: how long are we going to wait? I've had enough of Cap'n Smollett. I want to get into that cabin. I want to eat their food and drink their ale."

"Israel," said Silver, "you don't have much of a head. But you have ears. Listen. It'll be till the last possible moment. Cap'n Smollett, a first-class seaman, sails the ship for us. Here's this squire and doctor with a map—I don't know where it is. Well, I want this squire and doctor to find the treasure and get in on board. Then we'll strike after Cap'n Smollett has sailed us half-way back. Then we'll have no mistakes, and we'll be in the winds for home."

"But," asked Dick, "when we fall upon them and tie them up, what shall we do with them?"

"That's the man for me!" cried the cook. "That's what I call business. Well, what do you think? Put them ashore like maroons? That used to be Cap'n England's

maroon: person left behind on a deserted island—a punishment often given by pirates

way. Or finish with them? That used to be Flint's or Billy Bones." As for me, I give my vote—death. I say wait, till the time comes."

"You'll say so, Israel, when you see," said Silver. "I want only one thing for myself—I want Trelawney. I'll kill him with these hands. Dick!" he added, "just jump up and get me an apple, won't you?"

You may imagine my terror at that moment. Dick began to rise, and then someone tried to stop him, and the voice of Hands said:

"Oh, stop that! let's have a drink of rum instead of those nasty apples."

"Dick," said Silver, "I believe in you. There's the key for the store of rum, in there; bring some up."

The thought came to me that Mr Arrow had got his drinks this way. Dick was gone but a little while, and during his absence Israel spoke into the cook's ear. I could only catch a word or two, and yet I gathered some important news: "Not another man of them will join." So there were still honest men on board!

When Dick returned, one after another they passed the rum round. Just then a kind of brightness fell upon me in the barrel, and, when I looked up, I found the moon had risen. Almost at the same time, I heard the voice of the look-out shouting "Land—ho!"

look-out: the person keeping a watch

10 We meet in the cabin

There was a great rush of feet across the deck. In a second I climbed outside my barrel, turned back towards the stern and came out upon the open deck in time to join Hunter and Dr Livesey. There all hands were already gathered. Away to the south-west we saw two low hills. A third and higher hill rose behind them; its top was buried in a cloud.

"And now, men," said the captain, "has any one of you seen that island before?"

"I have, sir," said Silver, "I was a cook on a merchant ship."

"The anchorage is on that south side, behind a tiny island, I think?" asked the captain.

"Yes, sir; Skeleton Island they call it. It was a place for pirates once; a hand on board knew all those names. The big hill with a cloud on it—they call it the Spy-glass because they kept a look-out from there. That hill to the north is called the foremast hill. The other is called Mizzen—"

"I have a map here," said Captain Smollett. "See if that's the place."

Long John's eye burned in his head as he took the map; but, by the fresh look of the paper, I knew it was not the old buccaneer's map. It was a careful copy of the map in Billy Bones' chest. Silver was very

anchorage: a place where a ship can safely stop by dropping its anchor

angry but he managed to hide it.

I was surprised that Silver said he knew the island. Captain Smollett, the squire and Dr Livesey were talking together on the quarterdeck. I wanted to tell them my story but I did not wish to speak to them. While I was still thinking of some excuse, Dr Livesey called me to his side. As soon as I was near enough to speak, I said, "Doctor, let me speak. Get the captain and the squire down to the cabin, and then send for me on some excuse. I have terrible news."

The doctor's face changed a little but the next minute he was master of himself. He went back to the other two. They spoke together for a little while, and though none of them started or raised his voice, it was plain that Dr Livesey had repeated my words. The captain gave an order to Job Anderson, and all hands were piped on deck.

"My men," said Captain Smollett, "we have been sailing for this island—this is the place. I was able to tell Mr Trelawney that everyman on board had done his duty above and below. He, the doctor and I are going down to the cabin to drink to *your* health and luck; you'll have rum for you to drink to *our* health and luck." A loud cheer followed, it rang out full and hearty; and I could hardly believe that these same men wanted to kill us.

The three gentlemen went below: soon word was sent forward that Jim Hawkins was wanted in the cabin. The doctor was smoking away and I could see that he was disturbed.

"Now, Hawkins," said the squire, "you have something

to say. Speak up."

I did as I was ordered, and made it as short as I could. I told them every word of Silver's conversation. Nobody said a word or asked me anything until I finished; and kept their eyes upon my face from first to last.

"Now, captain," said the squire, "you were right and I was wrong. I wait for your orders."

"I have three or four points in mind and with your permission, I'll name them."

"You, sir, are the captain. It is for you to speak," said Mr Trelawney.

"First point," began Captain Smollett. "We must go on. If we turn back, they will rise at once. Second point, we have time before us—until the treasure is found. Third point, there are a few honest hands. Three of Mr Trelawney's servants and ourselves make seven, counting Hawkins here. We must keep a bright appearance. It's a very difficult thing, I know. It could be easier to come to blows. But we must wait for the right time to act."

"Jim here," said the doctor, "can help us more than anyone. The men are familiar with him, and Jim is a boy with keen eyes."

"Hawkins, I put great faith in you," added the squire.

I began to feel pretty weighed down at this, for I felt very helpless. There were only seven on our side out of the twenty-six: and out of these seven one was a boy!

11 My shore adventure

When I came on deck the next morning, the island looked very different. Grey woods covered a large part of the island. The hills rose up clear above the trees in smooth rock. They had strange shapes; the Spy-glass was taller than the other two by three or four hundred feet.

The *Hispaniola* was rolling heavily; the waves were pushing the rudder to and fro. From that first look at it, I hated the very thought of Treasure Island.

We had a dull morning's work before us. There was no sign of any wind, so we had to pull up the anchor and get the boats out. The heat was very great, and the men muttered fiercely over their work. The men had behaved badly enough in the boats, but now on the ship it was really ugly. It was plain that mutiny hung over us like a thunder-cloud. Not only we of the cabin party, but Long John too saw the danger. He was going from group to group, giving advice and smiling all the time. We met in the cabin.

"Sir," said the captain to the squire, "if I try to give another order, we'll have a mutiny on board. If I get a rough answer, I'll have to speak back and they will rise at once; if I don't speak back, Silver will wonder if we know something. Now, Silver wants as much as you and I to cover things up, and we should give him

rudder: the piece of wood at the stern of a boat, used for streering it

a chance. Let's allow the men an afternoon on the island. If they all go we'll fight the ship." The captain went on deck and addressed the crew.

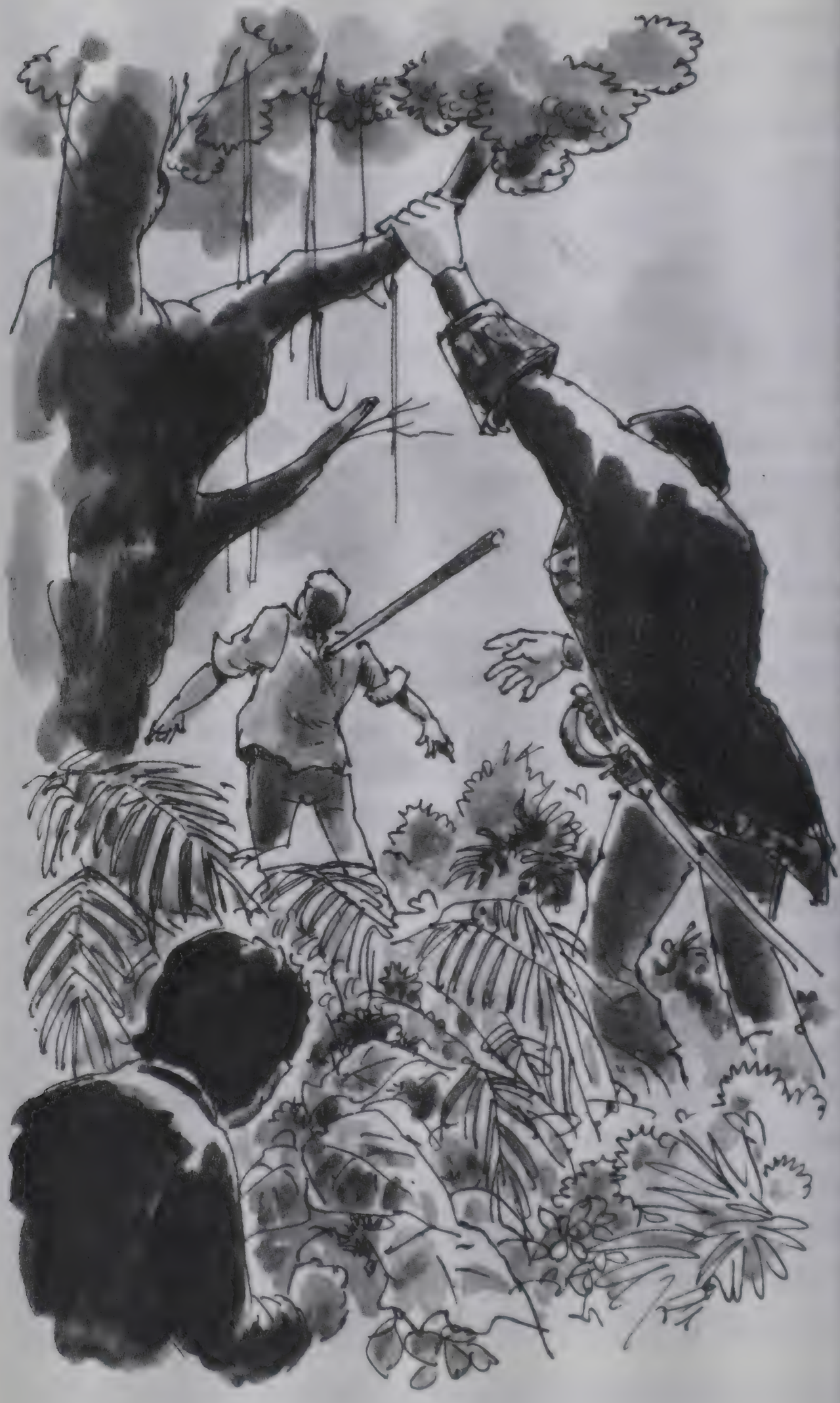
Perhaps the pirates thought they would find the treasure as soon as they landed, because they gave a cheer and began to get ready to lower the boats. The captain disappeared from the deck, leaving Silver to arrange the party. It was clear that Silver was the captain and that his crew wanted to rise against us at once. Six fellows were going to stay on board, and the remaining thirteen, including Silver, got into the boats.

It was then that I got one of my mad ideas into my head. If six men were left by Silver, it was plain our party could not take and fight the ship; and since only six were left, it was equally plain that the cabin party had no present need of my help. I thought, "Why can't I go to the island in one of the boats?" In a second I went over the side and got under the canvas of the nearest boat. Almost at once the boat pushed off. No one took notice of me. But Silver, in the other boat, looked across and saw me.

My boat was light and went quicker than the other. The bow struck among the trees near the water's edge; I caught a branch and swung myself out and ran straight into the nearest group of trees. Silver and the rest were still a hundred yards behind. "Jim, Jim!" I heard him shouting. But I did not stop; I ran straight into the woods till I could run no longer.

I crossed a marshy bit of land full of bushes and

marsh: low land, wet and unhealthy



strange trees and came out upon an open, sandy place, with a few pine and oak trees. I went on and saw, near some oak trees, a small river flowing into the sea at a point near our ship. All at once there were some noises among the bushes; a great cloud of birds rose up over the marsh, crying and circling in the air. Soon I heard a distant and low human voice. As I continued to listen, it came nearer and I recognised Silver's voice. This put me in great fear and I hid behind a big oak. Another voice answered.

The conversation began again but in low voices. I could not make out what they said; so, I crawled on all fours and slowly got nearer till, at last, I was able to see through an opening among the leaves. There stood Long John Silver and another seaman.

"Mate," he was saying, "I am speaking to save your neck. If one of the wild men knew it, where would I be, Tom?—now, tell me, what would happen to me?"

"Silver," said the other man in excitement, "Silver, you're old, and you're honest, and you're brave. And will you be led away by those thieves and rogues? If I turn against my duty—"

And then, all of a sudden, he was stopped by a noise. Far away, out in the marsh, a sound rose like a cry of anger, then another cry followed it; and then there was a long sharp scream. Tom had jumped at the sound but Silver had not moved. He stood very still, watching the seaman.

"What in Heaven's name was that?"

"That?" returned Silver, smiling away, his eyes

oak: a kind of tree with very hard wood

narrowing, "that? Oh, I guess that'll be Alan."

"Alan!" cried Tom. "Then God rest his soul for a true seaman. As for you, John Silver, You've long been a mate of mine, but you're mate of mine no more. If I die like a dog, I'll die in my duty. You've got Alan killed. Kill me too, if you can. But I will not join you."

And with that, the brave sailor turned his back on the cook and set off towards the beach. But he did not go far. With a cry, John held on to the branch of a tree, took the crutch from under his arm and sent it flying through the air. It struck poor Tom in the middle of the back. His hands flew up, he gave a sort of gasp, and fell. Silver, quick as a monkey, even without leg or crutch, was on top of him the next moment and had twice buried his knife in the poor body. When I came to myself again, the murderer had pulled himself together, his crutch under his arm and his hat upon his head. Tom lay motionless upon the ground. I could not believe it; I had seen a murder, right before my eyes.

Now Silver put his hand into his pocket, brought out a whistle and blew upon it several times. This awoke my fears. More men would arrive and they would find me. They had already killed two of the honest seamen; after Tom and Alan, would they not kill me? At once I crawled back again, in speed and silence to the more open part of the wood.

All the while I was running, and I had come near the foot of the little hill with the two peaks. And here a new fear brought me to a stop with a beating heart.

12 The man of the island

From the steep and stony side of the hill, some rocks rolled down through the trees. I looked up and saw a creature leaping behind a pine. I could not tell what it was. It seemed dark and hairy. I turned on my heel and began to go back to the marsh. The creature appeared again and, making a wide circle, began to cut me off. I was getting tired. From tree to tree it flew, running like a man on two legs, but unlike any ordinary man. Yet it was a man—I was no longer in doubt.

Why was he following me? Did he want to kill me? I stood still, thinking of a way of escape. Then I remembered I had a pistol and that made me brave. I walked towards him. As soon as I began to move, he came out from behind the tree and, to my wonder, threw himself on his knees and held out his hands.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I'm poor Ben Gunn," he answered, and his voice broke, "and I haven't spoken to a Christian these three years." His skin was burnt by the sun; his lips were black. He was clothed with bits of ship's canvas and old sea cloth and wore an old leather belt.

"Three years!" I cried. "Were you shipwrecked?"

"No, mate," said he, "marooned."

I had heard the word and I knew it was a kind of punishment common among pirates. The man to be

punished is left behind on some deserted island.

"Marooned three years ago," he continued, "and lived on goats since then, and fruit, and shellfish. But, mate, I'm dying for a Christian meal. Do you have a piece of cheese about you, now?"

"If ever I can get on board again," said I, "you shall have plenty of cheese."

"If ever, you say?" he said. "Why, who's to stop you? What do you call yourself, mate?"

"Jim," I told him.

"Well, Jim, I've lived rough these three years. As a boy I was good. Perhaps God put me here. The life on this island has made me once again want to do good. I'll never be a pirate again. And Jim," he said in a whisper. "I'm rich. Rich, I say! I'll make a great man of you." I thought the poor fellow had gone mad on this lonely island.

"Now, Jim, tell me truly—that isn't Flint's ship, is it?"

"It's not Flint's ship," I answered, "and Flint is dead, but there are some of Flint's men on board."

"Not that man, Silver, with one leg?" he gasped.

"Yes, Silver. He's the cook; and the leader, too." I told him the whole story of our voyage, and our present state.

"You're all in trouble, aren't you? Well, I'll help you, don't worry. Is your squire a generous person?"

"He is. If we get the treasure, he will divide it."

"Will he take me home, too?" he asked.

"Why," I cried, "the squire is a gentleman. We'll want

help, we have to sail the ship back to England."

"Now, so much I tell you, and no more. I was on Flint's ship *Walrus* when he buried the treasure. He and six strong seamen came here in a little boat. When he returned to the ship, he was alone; the six men were dead and buried. Nobody knew how he had killed six strong men.

"Well, I was in another ship three years back. 'Mates,' I said, when we came to this island, 'here's Flint's treasure; let's go ashore and find it.' I and my mates looked for it and couldn't find it. They were very angry and one morning all hands went back to the ship. 'As for you,' they said, 'here's a gun and a spade, and an axe. You can stay here, and find Flint's treasure for yourself.' Well, Jim," he continued, "three years I have been here. Tell your squire all this and that Gunn is a good man."

"But how am I to get on board?" I said.

"Well," said he, "there's my boat; I made it with my two hands. I keep her under the white rock. If the worst comes to the worst, we can try that. Hi!" he cried, "What's that?"

Just then, when there were still two hours for sunset, the island echoed to the thunder of a cannon.

"They have begun to fight!" I cried. "Follow me!"

I forgot all my terrors and ran towards the anchorage. The cannon-shot was followed by gunfire. Another five minutes, and then, less than a quarter of a mile in front of me, I saw the Union Jack fluttering in the air above a wood.

13 Story continued by the doctor: The stockade

It was about half-past one when the two boats went ashore from the *Hispaniola*. The captain, the squire and I were in the cabin discussing our next step. We wanted to fall on the six mutineers on board with us and sail away, but there was not a breath of wind. And, to make things worse, down came Hunter, saying that Jim Hawkins had got into a boat and gone ashore with the rest. We did not doubt Jim Hawkins, but we were worried about his safety. We went on deck. The six scoundrels were sitting in a corner, muttering among themselves. We could see the two boats tied near the shore; a man was sitting in each.

What could we do? Captain Smollett said that Hunter and I could go ashore with the jolly-boat and take a look around. Hunter and I made our way straight in the direction of the stockade on the map. The two pirates in the boats were surprised at our appearance. They talked to each other for a minute but they had their orders, perhaps, and so sat and did not trouble us. There was a straight bend in the coast and soon we lost sight of the boats. I jumped out. I had only walked a hundred yards when I came upon the stockade.

There was a spring of clear water on the top of a

jolly-boat: a very small boat
stockade: a wall or strong fence made of wooden posts fixed in the ground

very small hill. On this small hill, enclosing the spring was a stout log-house. It could hold about three dozen people. There were a number of holes for guns on every side of it. All around was a wide space with a strong fence six feet high. Those inside the log-house would have the advantage over those outside.

I was thinking about all this, when suddenly, there came ringing over the island, the cry of a man at the point of death. "Jim Hawkins is dead," I thought. There was no time to lose. I hurried to the shore and jumped into the jolly-boat. Hunter was fast with his oars and soon I was aboard the *Hispaniola*.

"There's a man," said Captain Smollett, looking at one of the six men left on board with us, "new to his work. I think he will join us, if we talk to him." I described my plan to the captain. We put old Redruth between the cabin and the deck, with three or four loaded guns. Hunter brought the boat round to the back of the ship. Joyce and I set to work, loading her with guns, tins of gun powder, bags of biscuits, dried meat, wine, and my medicine chest. During this time, the squire and the captain stayed on deck, and the captain shouted out to the coxswain.

"Mr Hands," he said, "here are two of us, with two pistols each, Redruth has four guns, If any of you six make a signal of any kind, that man's dead."

After that warning not one of them appeared on deck. By this time we had loaded the jolly-boat as much as possible. Again we made for shore as fast as the oars could take us. The watchers in the two boats saw us again. Just before we turned the bend in the coast,

log-house: a house built of rough pieces of wood

one of them jumped ashore and disappeared.

We soon touched land at the same place as before, and began to store the log-house. Then, leaving Joyce for a guard, Hunter and I returned to the jolly-boat. We continued in this way till everything was taken to the stockade. The two servants took up their positions in the log-house and I, using all my strength, rowed back to the *Hispaniola*.

The squire was waiting for me at the stern window. Again we began to load the boat as much as we could. We dropped the rest of the arms and powder in the sea; there was nothing left in the ship for the mutineers. Redruth came out from his place on deck and dropped into our jolly-boat.

"Now, men," said Captain Smollett, "do you hear me?"

There was no answer.

"Abraham Gray, can you hear me? I'm speaking to you," said the captain, a little louder. "I'm leaving this ship, and I order you to follow your captain. I know you are a good man at heart. I have my watch here in my hand; I give you thirty seconds."

There was some noise, a sound of blows, and out burst Abraham Gray with a knife-cut on the side of his cheek, and came running to the captain.

"I'm with you, sir," said he. And the next moment he and the captain dropped into our boat. We rowed away from the ship, but we were not yet ashore in our stockade. The tide was against us. We were swept away from our proper landing-place. If we did nothing about it, we would come ashore near the boats of the pirates. "I can't steer the boat in the direction of the stockade, sir," said the man, Gray,

"you can ease her off a bit."

Suddenly the captain spoke up again, and I thought his voice was a little changed.

"Look behind, doctor," said he, "the gun!"

We had completely forgotten the long cannon fixed to the ship, and there were the five rogues busy about it. "Israel was Flint's gunner," said Gray. We pointed the boat's head direct for the landing-place. By this time we were out of the current. But the rowing had to be gentle still.

"Who's the best shot?" asked the captain.

"Mr Trelawney," said I.

"Mr Trelawney, will you please take aim at one of those men, sir? Hands, if possible," said the captain.

Trelawney was as cool as steel. He began to get the gun ready for a shot.

"Now," cried the captain, "all hands stand by to steady the boat when he aims."

The squire raised his gun, the rowing stopped, and we leaned over the other side to keep the balance. They had brought the long gun of the ship round in our direction by this time. Hands was at it, and was a good target. However, we had no luck; for just as Trelawney fired, he bent down, the ball whistled over him, and one of the other four fell. The cry of the man was echoed not only by his mates on board, but by a number of voices from the shore; I saw the pirates coming out from among the trees and getting into their boats in a great hurry. "Here come the boats, sir," said I.

"We mustn't mind if we sink her now," cried the

captain. "If we can't get ashore, all's up." We found one of the boats pushing off. The tide had held us up but was now holding up our enemies. They could not overtake us. The one danger was the gun on the ship. It was plain that they wanted to shoot as soon as they could.

"Ready!" cried the squire.

"Hold!" cried the captain, quick as a blow.

And he and Redruth backed with a great pull. The report of the gun from the ship came at the same moment. The cannon ball did not hit us; it went over our heads but the wind of it was too much for the jolly-boat. So far no great harm was done. But all our stores were at the bottom, and to make things worse, only two guns out of five remained dry, mine and the captain's. We heard voices already coming near us in the woods along the shore. We had to get to the stockade at once. They could cut us off from it, and knew that Hunter and Joyce were without help. We went ashore as fast as we could, leaving behind us the poor jolly-boat, and a good half of all our powder and food.

We crossed the bit of wood from the shore to the stockade as fast as we could, and at every step, the voices of the pirates rang nearer. Soon we could hear their footsteps as they ran.

"Captain," said I, "Trelawney is the best shot. Give him your gun."

The captain gave him the gun and I handed Gray my cutlass. We came to the edge of the wood and saw the stockade in front of us. We had just entered the open space in the south when at the same moment,

seven mutineers—Job Anderson, the boatswain, at their head—appeared at the south-western corner.

They stopped and before they got over their surprise, not only the squire and I, but Hunter and Joyce from the log-house, fired. One of the pirates fell, and the rest turned and disappeared into the trees. We were congratulating ourselves when a pistol cracked in the bush, a ball whistled close past my ear and poor Tom Redruth fell on the ground. The squire and I returned the shot; but as we had no target, we, perhaps, only used up powder.

The captain and Gray were examining Redruth and I saw that all was over. We carried the old gamekeeper into the log-house. Poor Redruth, he had not said one word of surprise, complaint or fear from the beginning till now; he was the oldest of our party by twenty years. We laid him down in the log-house to die. The squire dropped down beside him on his knees and kissed his hands, crying like a child.

"Am I going, doctor?" he asked.

"Tom, my man," said I, "you're going home."

He was silent for a little while and said that somebody could read a prayer. And not long after he passed away. The captain took out several things—the British flag, a Bible, a length of strong rope, pen, ink the log-book and a quantity of tobacco.

With the help of Hunter, he cleared a long fir tree lying near the fence, moved it to the corner of the log-house and ran up the flag. It showed our enemies that we were not afraid of them. Now the captain

log-book: a diary of things happening on a ship's voyage

began to count up the stores. But he had an eye on Tom Redruth; and as soon as it was all over with Tom, he came forward with another flag and spread it on the body. Then he led me to a corner.

"Dr Livesey," he asked, "in how many weeks do you and the squire expect help from England?"

"It will take not weeks, but months. If we are not back by the end of August, Blandly will send a ship to find us."

"It's a pity, sir, we lost that second load. We have enough powder and shot; but our food supplies are short."

Just then, with a roar and a whistle, a cannon-shot passed high above the roof of the log-house and fell far beyond us in the wood. All through the evening the firing continued. Ball after ball flew over or fell short, or blew up the sand in the enclosure. Our log-house was on high ground and they had to fire high from below.

Gray and Hunter went out to fetch the food from the jolly-boat, but the mutineers were bolder than we imagined. Four or five of them were carrying off our stores. Silver was in command. Every pirate had now a gun from some secret store of arms. And at the same time I was wondering over poor Jim Hawkin's fate, there was a voice among the trees.

"Somebody calling us," said Hunter on guard at the door.

"Doctor! squire! captain! Hullo, Hunter is that you?" came the cries.

And I ran to the door to see Jim Hawkins, safe and sound, climbing over the stockade.

14 Story again by Jim Hawkins: Silver's offer

As soon as Ben Gunn saw the flag, he stopped me by the arm, and sat down.

"Now," said he, "there's your friends, sure enough."

"More likely it's the pirates," I answered.

He cried. "Why, in a place like this Silver and his men will fly the Jolly Roger and not the Union Jack. No, that's your friends. There's been some firing, I see, and I'm sure your friends did well, Here they are ashore in the old stockade, built years ago by Flint.

"Now, mate," he continued, "you're a good boy. Tell your gentleman about me. Until I have his word of honour, I'll not join you. And when you want Ben Gunn, come to the same spot as you did today."

"Well," said I, "I understand. You want something in return for your help. So you wish to see the squire or the doctor. And now may I go?"

Just then a cannon-ball tore through the trees and fell in the sand, a hundred yards away from us. The next moment each of us ran off in a different direction. I moved from hiding-place to hiding-place, not taking the straight way to the stockade.

The *Hispaniola* still lay at the same spot; there was

the Jolly Roger: pirate's black flag with skull and crossbones in white
the Union Jack: the British flag

the Jolly Roger flying on its mast. I lay on the groun for sometime, watching. The jolly-boat was near th shore and I saw some men destroying it with axes Far away, near the mouth of the river, a great fir glowed red and orange among the trees, and betwee that point and the ship, one of the boats came an went. Further along the shore, stood a single rock very high and white. This was perhaps Ben Gunn' white rock; his boat was hidden somewhere under it.

Then I went through the woods until I reached th back of the stockade, and everybody in it welcome me very warmly. I soon told them my story and the were very surprised that a man had been on the islan for three years.

Captain Smollett was not idle. He divided us int watches. The doctor, Gray and I for one; the squire Hunter and Joyce for the other. Though we wer tired, two were sent out for firewood; two more wer asked to dig a grave for Redruth; the doctor wa named cook; I was asked to guard the door. Th captain himself went from one to another, keepin us cheerful and giving help where necessary.

Once the doctor came out and looked at me. H then asked, "What did Ben Gunn want? Cheese wasn't it?"

"Yes, sir, cheese," I answered.

"I carry in my box a piece of cheese made in Italy very tasty. Well, that's for Ben Gunn."

We buried old Tom in the sand, before we ate ou supper. We stood around him for a while in silenc Then we ate the meat and drank a glass of brand

each and sat together to discuss our chances. I was dead tired by now and when I got to sleep, I slept like a log. I was woken up by the sound of voices.

"Flag of peace!" the captain said, and then with a cry of surprise, "Silver himself!"

At that I jumped up, and rubbing my eyes, ran to a hole in the wall. There were two men just outside the stockade. One of them was waving a white cloth, the other was Silver himself, standing calmly by.

"Careful, men," said the captain. "Ten to one this is a trick."

"Who goes?" he shouted to the buccaneers, "stand, or we fire!"

"Flag of peace," cried Silver.

The captain was outside near the door. He turned and spoke to us: "Doctor's watch on the look-out. Dr Livesey take the north side, if you please; Jim, the east; Gray, west. All hands load your guns." And then he turned to the two men, Silver and his companion. He cried. "And what do you want with your flag of peace?"

"Cap'n Silver, sir," the other man replied, "has come to make terms."

"Cap'n Silver!" cried the captain. "Cap'n is it?"

"Yes, sir. These poor men have chosen me cap'n after you left the ship, sir!" This from Silver.

"My man," said Captain Smollett, "I don't wish to talk to you. If you wish to talk to me, you can come."

make terms: come to an agreement

"A word from you is enough, cap'n," shouted Long John. "I know a gentleman when I see one."

We could see the other man trying to hold Silver back, but Silver laughed at him aloud. He came forward to the stockade, threw over his crutch, got a leg up and with great skill climbed over the fence and dropped safely inside the stockade. I crept up behind the captain. He was now seated at the door, with his elbow on his knees and his head in his hands.

"Here you are, my man," said the captain. "Sit down."

"Well, well, cap'n," returned the sea-cook, sitting down on the sand. "You have a very nice place here. Ah, there's Jim! Very good morning to you, Jim. Oh, the doctor! Why, you're all together like a happy family."

"If you have anything to say, say it," said the captain.

"Right you are, Cap'n Smollett," replied Silver. "That was a clever act of yours last night. But you mark me, cap'n, it can't happen twice, by thunder!"

"Well?" says Captain Smollett, as cool as he could be.

"Well," said Silver, "we want the treasure and we mean to have it! You have a map and we want that map. Now, I never meant you any harm myself."

"We know all that," said the captain, "and we don't care; for now, you see, you can't do it. You are only fourteen now."

"Now," said Silver, "here it is. You give us the map— and don't shoot at poor seamen. You do that and we'll offer you one of two chances. Either you come on board with us, once the treasure is taken to the ship

and then on my word of honour I'll put you safe ashore somewhere. Or, we'll divide the stores with you and you can stay on the island. I'll send the first ship on the seas to pick you up."

Captain Smollett rose from his seat. "Is that all?"

"Yes, by thunder!" answered John. "Refuse that, and you've seen the last of me except for gun-shots!"

"Very good," said the captain. "Now you'll hear me. If you'll come up one by one unarmed, I'll put you all in chains, and take you home for a fair trial in England. You can't find the treasure. You can't sail the ship—there's not a man among you fit for the job. You can't fight us. These are the last good words from me."

Silver's face was a picture. His eyes started in his head with anger. "Give me a hand up!" he cried.

Not a man among us moved. Shouting the most nasty oaths, he crawled along the sand till he got hold of the door and could lean again upon his crutch. Then he spat into the spring.

"There!" he cried, "you're nothing to me. Before an hour is out I'll destroy your old log-house!" And with a terrible oath he went away. He was helped across the stockade by the man with the flag of peace and disappeared in a second among the trees.

15 The attack

As soon as Silver disappeared, the captain, who had been closely watching, turned towards the interior of the house and found not one of us at his post except Gray. He was furious. It was the first time we had ever seen the captain angry. He looked on for a while in silence, then he spoke: "Before the hour is out, they'll attack us! We're fewer of course, in number, but we fight in shelter. I've no doubt we can beat them. We're six men to their fourteen."

On the two short sides of the house, east and west, there were only two holes for guns; on the south side two again, and on the north side, five. There were twenty guns for the seven of us. We had put bundles of firewood about the middle of each side, and on each of these, four loaded guns were laid ready. In the middle there were cutlasses in a shining row.

"Put out the fire," said the captain. "It's not very cold now, and we mustn't have smoke in our eyes. "Doctor, you'll take the door. Hunter, take the east side. Joyce, you stand by the west. Mr. Trelawney, you and Gray will take this long north side. Hawkins, you and I are no good with guns. We will stand by to load and help the others." We stood there, each at his post, with our hearts beating fast.

An hour passed.

Suddenly Joyce put up his gun and fired. Soon the same sound was repeated from outside, shot after

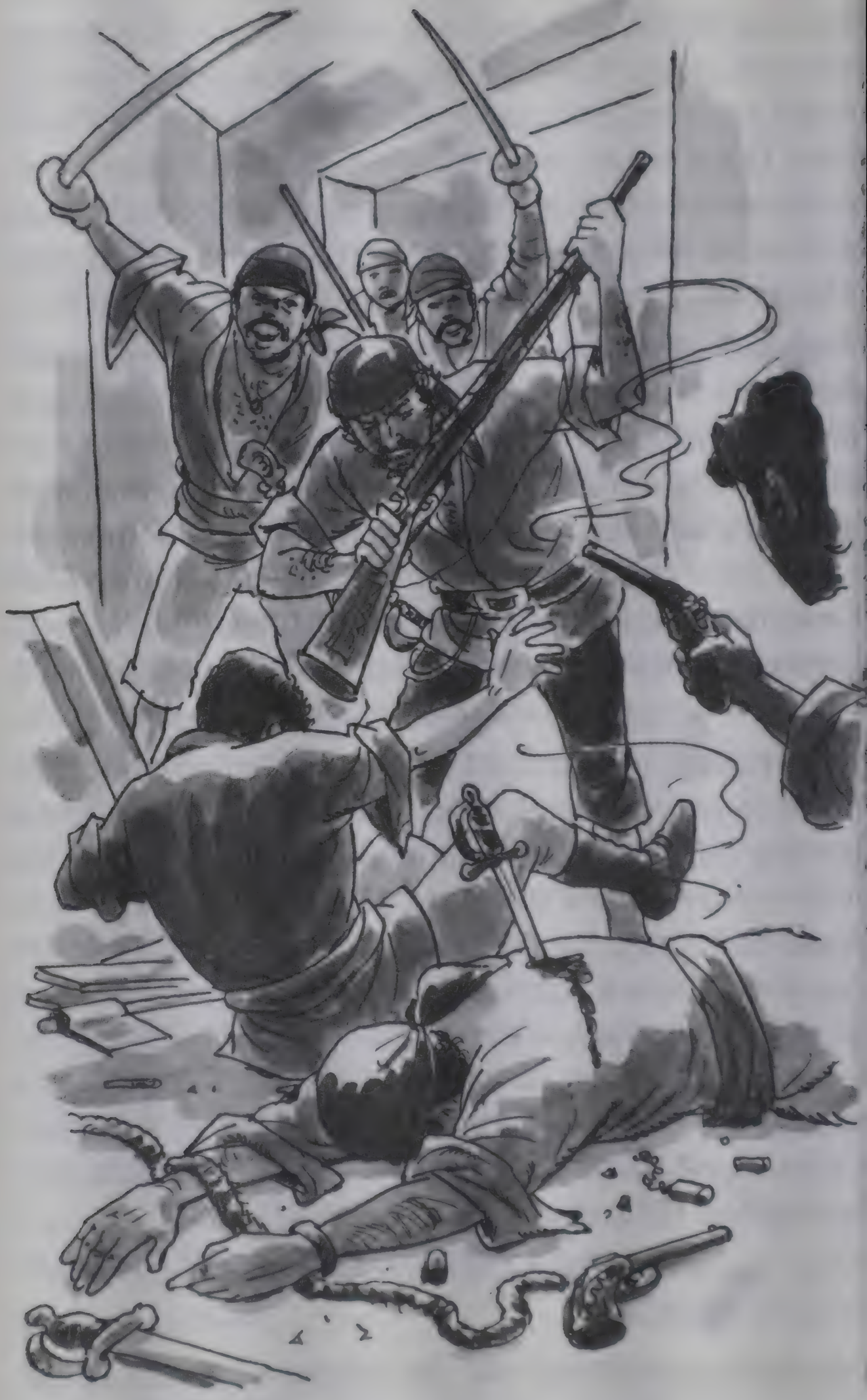
shot from every side of the stockade. Several struck the log-house, but not one entered. As the smoke cleared away, the stockade and the woods around it were as quiet and empty as before. Dr Livesey said that three shots were fired on his side. There had come seven shots on the squire's side. From the east and west only a single shot had been fired. It was plain that the attack would come from the north.

Suddenly, with a loud shout, a cloud of pirates leaped from the woods on the north side and ran straight for the stockade. At the same moment, fire was opened from the woods, a shot sang through the doorway and knocked the doctor's gun into bits. The pirates came over the fence like monkeys. The squire and Gray fired again and yet again: three men fell. Four men came inside the stockade; while from the woods the men kept up a continuous fire on the log-house.

Four men made straight for our log-house, shouting as they ran. Several shots were fired from within the log-house but not one found its mark. Soon the four pirates were upon us. One of them was Job Anderson and he roared in a voice of thunder. Another pirate caught at Hunter's gun, pulled it out of his hands, and with one blow, knocked the poor fellow to the floor. Meanwhile a third fell with his cutlass on the doctor. The log-house was full of smoke. Cries, shouts, and the sounds of pistol shots and one loud groan rang in my ears.

"Out, men; out, fight them in the open! Cutlasses!" cried the captain.

I picked up a cutlass off the firewood; at the same time someone gave me a cut across the fingers—but



I hardly felt it. I ran out of the door into the clear sunlight. Someone was close behind—I did not turn to look. Right in front of me the doctor was fighting his enemy fiercely down the slope. He managed to beat him down with a great cut across the face.

"Round the house, lads! Round the house!" cried the captain, and even in all that noise and fighting I noticed a change in his voice.

I obeyed, turned eastwards and ran round the corner of the house. Next moment I was face to face with Job Anderson. He roared and his long knife went up above his head, bright in the sunlight. Gray had followed close behind me and cut down Anderson. Another pirate had been shot and now lay in great pain. A third, was killed by the doctor. Of the four inside the stockade, only one escaped. In a few minutes nothing remained of the attacking party but the five lying on the ground. The victory was ours.

The doctor, Gray and I ran back into the log-house. The other pirates might get back and begin to shoot at us. The house was by this time clear of smoke, and we saw the price of our victory. Hunter lay beside the wall, knocked out. Joyce lay by his side, shot through the head, never to move again. The squire was holding the captain up, one as pale as the other.

"The captain's wounded," said Mr Trelawney.

"Have they gone?" asked Captain Smollett.

"Yes, but there are five of them dead and dying," replied the doctor.

"Five!" cried the captain. "Come, that's better. That leaves us four against their nine (counting Jim Hawkins who's a boy)."

16 My sea adventure

The mutineers did not return. We attended to the wounded and cooked our dinner. Of the eight men who had fallen in the action only three still breathed—one of the pirates who had been shot inside the stockade, Hunter and Captain Smollett, and of these the first two were as good as dead. The doctor did his best but Hunter never spoke again. As for the captain, his wounds were serious indeed, but not dangerous. He was going to get well, the doctor said, but, for weeks, he was not to walk or move his arm. My own cut across the fingers was a small one. Dr Livesey put a bandage on it and pulled my ears when he finished.

After dinner the squire and the doctor sat by the captain's side,talking. Some time later the doctor took up his hat, pistols and cutlass, put the map in his pocket,and with a gun on his shoulders, crossed the fence on the north side and set off through the trees. Gray and I were sitting at the far end of the log-house. Gray took his pipe out of his mouth and forgot to put it back again, so surprised was he at the sight.

"Why, in the name of God," said Gray, "is he mad?"

"No," I replied, "the doctor has an idea; and if I am right, he's now going to see Ben Gunn. I was right as it appeared later. I washed out the log-house and washed up the things from dinner. All the time my dislike grew stronger and stronger till I felt that I

must leave the place for some time. I went to the bread-bag and filled both pockets of my coat with biscuits. Next I took two pistols and went out.

My plan was to go down the sandy patch, find the white rock and make sure whether Ben Gunn's boat was really there. I knew they would not allow me to leave the log-house, so I made my escape quietly. The pirates would be watching out for anyone coming from the log-house to the anchorage, so I set off for the east coast of the island. It was already late in the afternoon although still warm and sunny. After a long walk through the tall trees I came to the sea, lying blue and bright under the sun.

I could see the ship with the pirates' flag at the top of the mast. By its side lay one of its boats. I recognised Silver and a couple of men in them. They were talking but I could not hear any word because of the distance. Suddenly I heard a terrible scream! At first it frightened me but I recognised the voice of Captain Flint, Silver's parrot. Soon after, they moved towards the shore, got off the boat and disappeared.

Just about the same time the sun went down behind the Spy-glass. A fog was forming very quickly and it began to grow dark. I saw that I must lose no time if I wanted to find Ben Gunn's boat that evening. By the time I reached the white rock, night had almost come. Right below the rock there was a small hollow of green grass and in the middle of it I saw a little tent of goat-skins. I dropped into the hollow, lifted the side of the tent—and there was Ben Gunn's boat. It was a simple thing of wood and goat-skin. It was very small even for me.

Well, now another idea got into my head. This was to steal out at night, cut the *Hispaniola* loose and let her go ashore. The pirates after the defeat of the morning, might sail away in the ship, leaving us behind. I sat down to wait for darkness and made a good meal of the biscuits. I got up, lifted the coracle on to my shoulders and felt my way out of the hollow. I could see two points of light from the white rock.

The coracle was a very safe boat for a person of my height and weight, but I could hardly manage it. I used the paddle all the time, but the coracle turned in every direction except the right one. By good luck the tide swept me down and soon the *Hispaniola* rose before me more black than the darkness. And in another moment I was near her anchor-rope. I caught hold of it. It was as taut as a bowstring. One cut with my knife, and she would go smoothly down the tide.

But I remembered that a taut rope, if cut suddenly, is as dangerous as a kicking horse. If I cut the *Hispaniola* from her anchor, I and the coracle would be thrown out. To my good luck the light wind from the south-east changed direction. A puff of wind came, and forced the ship against the tide and the rope slackened in my hand. Quickly, I opened my knife and cut one strand after another till the ship only swung by two. I lay quiet, waiting to cut these last two and hoping for another puff of wind to slacken the rope further.

coracle: a small boat of wickerwork covered with watertight material
taut: stretched tightly
slackened: become loose
strand: one of the strings twisted together to make a rope

Just then I heard loud voices from the cabin. One was that of the coxswain, Israel Hands. The other belonged to one of the mutineers. Both men were drunk and were very angry. They were quarrelling, and shouted ugly oaths at each other.

At last the wind came, the ship came nearer, the rope slackened once more and I cut the last strands through. Then I was about to be swept against the bows of the *Hispaniola,* because the ship began to turn, spinning slowly, across the tide. I worked with my paddle like a mad fellow for I was in danger of getting drowned. As I could not push the coracle off, I now rowed towards the stern of the ship. Just as I did so, my hands touched a long rope that was hanging out of the stem of the ship. I caught hold of it.

Why did I do so? I cannot say. But with the rope in my hand I wanted to have a look through the cabin window. I pulled in hand over hand on the rope; and when I thought I was near enough, I rose to half my height and could see a small part of the cabin. By this time the ship and the coracle were moving fast. No one came out on deck. One look through the cabin window explained everything. Israel Hands and his companion were locked together in a fight, each with a hand upon the other's throat.

Suddenly, the ship gave a violent turn and almost at the same second, one shout followed another from the ship. I knew that the two drunkards had at last stopped their quarrel and woken up to their danger. I lay down flat in the bottom of the coracle and left everything in the hands of God. I lay for hours, tossing among the waves and expecting death. Slowly, weakness came upon me and sleep soon after.

17 The coracle sinks

I woke up in bright light and found myself in the coracle tossing at the south-west end of Treasure Island. The sun was up, but was still hidden from me behind the Spy-glass. Mizzen-mast Hill was at my elbow. My first thought was to paddle in and land, but the coast was covered with high and smooth rock. The wind was steady and gentle from the south and I could easily and safely ride my little boat. Left to itself, the coracle avoided the high tops of the waves and, turning from side to side, picked her way between the waves. I put the paddle over the side, and from time to time gave her a push towards land.

It was very tiring and slow work. As we drew near the Cape of Woods, I missed that point and went eastwards. I waited to land at the next convenient cape. The warmth of the sun from above, and the sea-water falling and drying upon me, made me very thirsty. But the current soon carried me past that cape too; and as the next stretch of sea opened out, I saw right in front of me, not half a mile away, the *Hispaniola*. She began to move westward. Suddenly the wind fell and she stood there helpless for a while.

The ship then went in a different direction for a minute or so and was still once more. To and fro, up and down, north, south, east, and west, the *Hispaniola* went in little dashes, and after each dash she stood still. It was plain that nobody was steering.

steering: guiding the ship by rudder or helm

Where were the men? Either they were dead drunk or had left the ship. I thought; perhaps I could get on board and return her to Captain Smollett.

The current was carrying the coracle and the ship southward at the same speed. But the ship's movements did not have direction and it stopped so very often. If I sat up and paddled, I could perhaps reach her and jump aboard. I got up, and with all my strength I paddled after the *Hispaniola*. Still I could see no one on her decks. I was then sure that she was deserted. If not, the men were lying drunk below. Then, at last, I had my chance. The wind fell for some seconds, the current turned her, the *Hispaniola* came round slowly and presented her stern to me.

All at once I was on the top of one wave when the ship came down over the next. A long rope hung down from the mast and was over my head. I sprang to my feet and leaped, stamping the coracle under water. With one hand I caught the rope and hung there. As I hung by the rope, there was a dull blow. The ship had struck the coracle and sunk it. I was now left without my boat. I could not get away.

I lost no time, climbed up the rope and fell on the deck. No one was about. At the end of the deck, I saw the two watchmen. One was on his back with his arms stretched out, his teeth showing through his open lips—he was dead. The other, Israel Hands, was leaning back on a barrel, his chin on his chest, his face white and his eyes shut in great pain. There were splashes of dark blood on the wood around them.

I went quietly down the stairs into the cabin. It was in great disorder. The pirates had broken open all

the lockers in their search for the chart. Dozens of empty bottles clinked together in corners, to the rolling of the ship. One of the doctor's medical books lay open on the table. Half of the pages were torn.

I went into the hold; all the barrels were gone, and of the bottles most were missing. I found a bottle with some brandy left for Hands and for myself I picked up some biscuits, some pickled fruit, a bottle of water and a piece of cheese. With these I came on deck and had a good deep drink of water, and only then, gave Hands the brandy.

"Ay," said he, "by thunder, I wanted some of that!"

I had sat down, already, in my own corner well out of his reach, and began to eat. "Much hurt?" I asked him.

He gave a groan and said. "If that doctor was on board, I'd be all right in a couple of hours. But I have no luck, you see, that's what's the matter with me. As for that man, he's as good as dead," pointing to the body on the deck. "And where did you come from?"

"Well," said I, "I have come on board to take charge of this ship, Mr Hands. I am your captain now."

He looked at me sourly enough, but said nothing.

"By-the-by," I continued, "I can't have this flag, Mr Hands, and, with your permission, I'll tear it down." so saying, I brought down their cursed black flag and threw it into the sea. "God save the King!" said I, waving my cap, "and there's an end to Captain Silver!"

He watched me closely, his chin all the while on his chest. "I suppose, Cap'n Hawkins, you want to get

ashore now. Suppose we talk."

"Why, yes," said I, "with all my heart, Mr Hands. Speak." And I went back to my meal.

"Now, look here, Cap'n Hawkins, let's agree to help each other. You give me food and bit of cloth to tie my wound up, and I'll tell you how to sail the ship."

"Let this be clear," I said. "We're not going back to Captain Kidd's anchorage. I want to get into North Inlet, and beach her quietly there."

"Why, I have no choice in the matter, Cap'n Hawkins. I'd help you to sail the ship back home if you want."

I went below to my own chest and took out a soft silk handkerchief of my mother's. With this, and with my help, Hands bound up the wound, and after he had eaten and drunk a little, he sat straight up, spoke louder and clearer, and looked quite a different man.

The wind served us very well. the ship flew before it like a bird, the coast of the island going quickly past us. I was delighted with my new command and pleased with the bright, sunny weather. I now had plenty of water and good food. I had deserted my friends but it worried me no longer. I had won the *Hispaniola* for them! But I was troubled by the eyes of the coxswain as they followed me about the deck, and the strange smile on his face. It showed both pain and weakness, but there was also treachery in it as he cunningly watched me at my work!

beach: sail the ship up onto the beach
treachery: betraying someone, especially secretly

18 Israel Hands

The wind was blowing west and helped us to guide the ship from the north-east corner of the island to the mouth of the North Bay. As the ship had no anchor, we could only beach her—but to do this, we had to wait for a stronger tide. With the coxswain showing me the way, I lay the ship to and we both sat in silence over another meal.

"Jim," said the coxswain, "won't you go down into the cabin and get me a bottle of wine—the brandy is too strong for my head." I saw at once that it was a trick. Hands would never want wine and say no to brandy. He wanted me to leave the deck—that was plain; but I could not think why. I was quick with my answer. "Some wine? Sure I shall bring it."

I went down noisily, took off my shoes and ran across and silently climbed the forecastle ladder and brought my eyes slowly up to the level of the deck. Hands had risen to his hands and knees and dragged himself across the deck. From under some rope, he pulled out a long knife stained with blood. He looked at it for a second and then hiding it in his coat, dragged himself back again to his old place.

So Israel could move about, he now had a weapon and he meant to kill me. Yet I felt sure that he would not harm me till the ship was in a safe place; from there she could be got off with some difficulty. Both

forecastle: sailors live in this part of the ship (pronounced-fouksl)

of us wanted the same thing and until that was done, my life would not be in any danger.

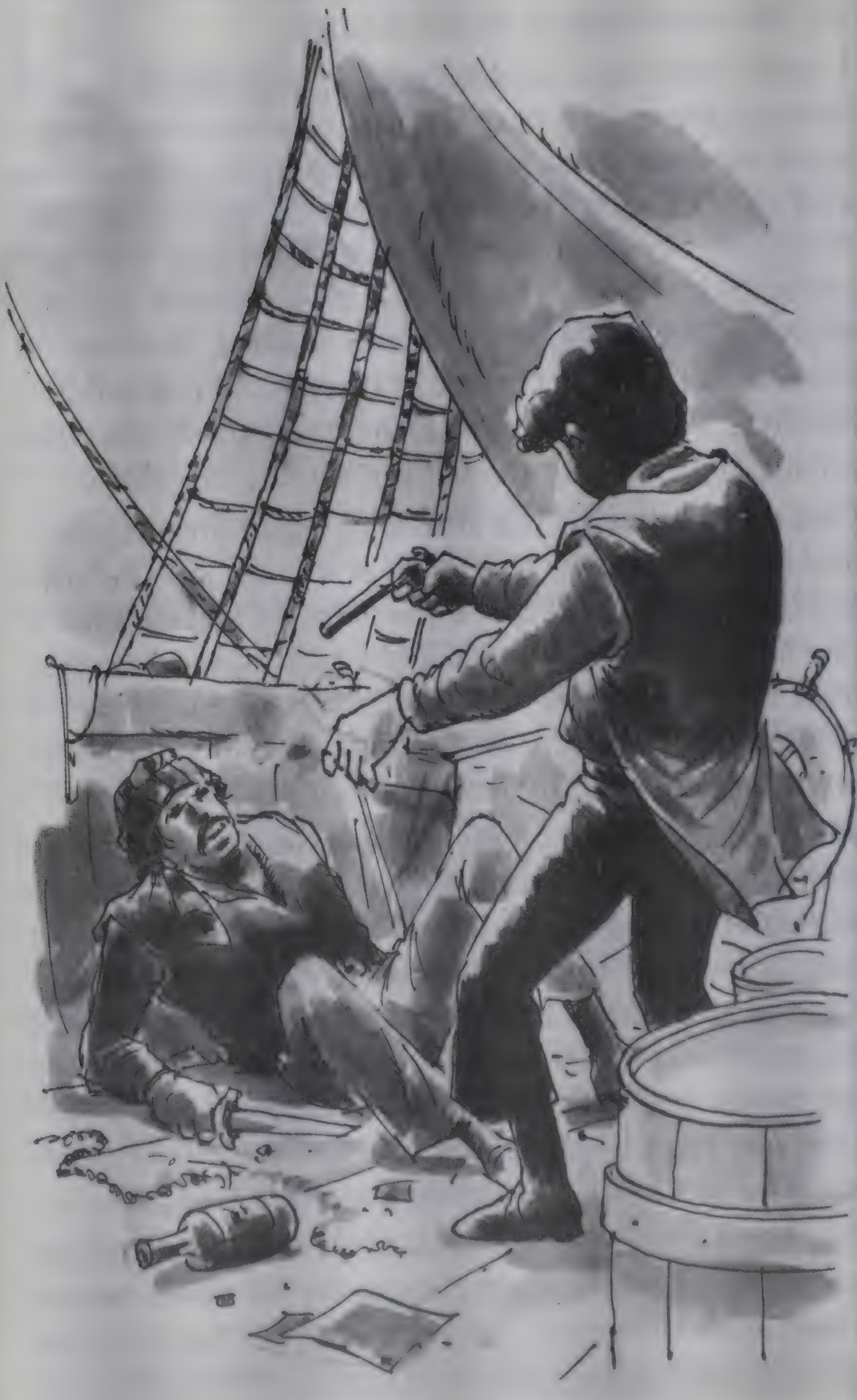
I went down the ladder quietly, slipped once more into my shoes and with a bottle of wine in my hand, went on deck. Hands took a deep drink of the wine and said, "Cap'n Hawkins, you take my orders and we'll sail her clean and straight." We had only two miles to go. Soon the land closed around us. The shores of North Bay were thickly wooded. He shouted his commands, and I carefully obeyed. All of a sudden, he cried, "Now!" And I put the helm up, the *Hispaniola* swung round, and ran straight for the low shore.

I was so busy with the ship that I had forgotten my danger. I bent over the tiller and watched the ship settling on the sand below the tide. If I had remained like that he would have killed; but a sudden uneasiness came over me, and I turned my head. When I looked round, there was Hands, already half-way towards me, with the long knife in his hand.

We cried out aloud when our eyes met. At the same moment, he threw himself forward and I leapt to one side. As I did so, I let go of the tiller. It sprang back and struck him across the chest. Before he could come at me again, I was safely out of the corner of the stern and on the wide deck. I drew a pistol from my pocket and took cool aim. There followed neither flash nor sound—the pistol was not loaded. I cursed myself. Why hadn't I reloaded my only weapon?

Hands was hurt by the blow from the tiller, but he moved very fast. I had no time to try my other pistol; it would be useless. I placed my hands against the

tiller: a bar fixed to the top of a rudder



big mast, and waited for the next attack. Seeing that I meant to dodge, he also stopped.

Suddenly the *Hispaniola* struck ground for an instant, and then, quickly, turned over on her left side, till the deck sloped towards the sea. We both lost our balance; we rolled, almost together, the dead man, rolling down after us. I stood up first. Luckily for me the dead body hit Hands. Quickly, I climbed up the mast by the ropes and did not take a breath till I was seated on the cross-trees.

This quickness on my part saved me. The knife struck the mast half a foot below me as I climbed upwards, and there stood Israel Hands, a picture of surprise and disappointment. I quickly loaded my pistols again. My enemy saw that everything was against him and he began to climb heavily and slowly by the ropes. He came a third of the way up. Then, with a pistol in either hand, I spoke: "One more step, Mr Hands," said I, "and I'll blow your brains out!"

He stopped at once and said, "Jim, I'd have finished you off but the ship turned on its side; I don't have any luck. I have to make peace with you now."

I was drinking in his words and smiling away, feeling quite proud, when, in a second, back went his right hand over his shoulder. Something sang like an arrow through the air: I felt a sharp pain and was pinned by the shoulder to the mast. In the pain and surprise of the moment, both my pistols went off and both escaped out of my hands. They did not fall alone; with a loud cry, the coxswain lost his hold upon the ropes, and fell head first into the water.

cross-trees: short pieces of wood placed on masts to support ropes

19 'Pieces of eight!'

The ship lay on its side, the masts hung far into the water. Sitting on the cross-trees I had nothing below me but the water of the inlet. I could see the sand below it. The knife pinning my shoulder to the mast began to hurt me. The hot blood from my shoulder was running over my back and chest. My first thought was to pull the knife out, but I did not have the courage.

From my seat on the cross-trees, I could see Hands lying on the clean, bright sand in the shadow of the ship's sides. When the water over him shook, he appeared to move a little. But he was dead enough for all that, being both shot and drowned. Now he was food for fish. Suppose he had managed to put his knife in me. The thought gave me a violent shudder and the shudder did the trick. The dagger had held me by just a bit of skin, and this the shudder tore away. The blood ran down faster. I was held to the mast now only by my coat and shirt. These I broke through with a sudden pull, and soon I was upon the deck. I went below and did what I could for my shoulder. I then looked around—the ship was now my own.

There was O'Brien's body lying against one of the masts. I had seen so many strange things that I had no fear of the dead. I took the body by the waist and threw it overboard like a sack of flour. I was now

alone upon the ship. The sun was about to set. The evening wind had sprung up and the idle sails began to shake. I began to see a danger to the ship. When it turned over, a foot or two of the main sail hung under water. I took my knife and cut the ropes tied to the sail. The top of it dropped at once and a great piece of loose canvas lay upon the water. That was all I could do.

By this time it grew dark. It began to get cold. I walked forward and looked over. The water was shallow enough, and holding the cut anchor-rope in both hands, I dropped softly overboard. The water hardly reached my waist, the sand was firm and I walked ashore. The *Hispaniola* lay on her side, free at last from the buccaneers and ready for our own men to go on board and get to sea again. I only wanted to get home to the stockade and talk about my adventures. So with a cheerful mind, I set out for the log-house.

There was no one about, not a sound except the noises of the wind. I began to fear that something had gone wrong in my absence. I went round by the eastern end, and keeping in shadow, crossed the fence. I went down on my hands and knees, and crawled, without a sound, towards the corner of the log-house. As I went nearer, my heart was suddenly lifted up. I heard my friends snoring loudly in their sleep—it was like music to me! All was dark within, I could not make out anything. Holding both my arms before me, I walked in. I should lie down in my own place (I thought laughingly) and enjoy their surprise in the morning. My foot struck something soft—it was a sleeper's

leg, and he turned and groaned, but did not wake up. And then, all of a sudden, a sharp voice came out of the darkness:

"Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

It was Silver's green parrot, Captain Flint!

At the sharp cry of the parrot, the sleepers awoke and sprang up and the voice of Silver cried:

"Who is it?"

I turned to run, struck violently against one person, pulled back, and ran full into the arms of a second, who held me tight.

"Bring a light, Dick," said Silver.

And one of the men left the log-house, and in a moment returned with a lighted torch.

20 Captain Silver

The torch lighted up the inside of the log-house. At one look I saw that my worst fears had come true. The pirates were in the log-house and had taken over the stores; and not a sign of any prisoner. I could only think that all had died and I was sad that I had not been there to die with them. There were six of the buccaneers, not another man was left alive.

"So," said he, "here's Jim Hawkins, just dropped in to see us, eh? Well, that is friendly of you." He sat down on a barrel of ale and began to fill a pipe. I made no answer. They had set me with my back against the wall, and I stood there, looking Silver in the face, boldly, I hope, but without hope in my heart.

Smoking his pipe with great calm, Silver spoke again.

"Here you are, Jim, and quite a pleasant surprise for poor old John. I have always liked you, Jim, because you are a brave lad and the picture of my own self as a young and handsome boy. I always wanted you to join us and take your share, and die a rich man. Cap'n Smollett is a fine seaman, but very strict. The doctor himself is against you—'ungrateful scamp' was what he said. You can't go back to your friends, for they won't have you; you'll have to join Cap'n Silver."

So far so good. My friends, then, were still alive. So they were angry with me because I had left the log-

scamp: a rascal, a good-for-nothing

house. But I was much worried now than before.

"You are our prisoner but I don't say anything about it," continued Silver. "If you like, well, you'll join and if you don't Jim, why, you can answer no." Through all this talk, Silver made it clear that they could kill me easily enough. My cheeks burned and my heart beat painfully in my chest.

"Am I to answer then?" I asked in a trembling voice.

"Jim," said Silver, "none of us will hurry you; time goes pleasantly in your company, you see."

"Well," said I, growing a bit bolder, "if I have to choose, I must know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are."

"Wot's wot?" repeated one of the buccaneers, in a deep growl. "Ah, he'd be lucky if we told him that!"

"You'll perhaps shut your mouth till you are spoken to, my friend," cried Silver. And then he said to me: "Yesterday morning, down came Dr Livesey with a white flag. Says he, 'Cap'n Silver, the ship's gone.' Well, we'd been taking a glass or two, and none of us had looked out. We looked out then, and by thunder, the old ship had gone! 'Well,' says the doctor, 'let's bargain.' We bargained, he and I, and here we are: stores, brandy, log-house, fire-wood. As for them, they left the place; I don't know where they are."

He drew quietly at his pipe again.

"I asked him, 'How many are you to leave?' 'Four,' says he, 'four, and one of us wounded. As for that boy, I don't know where he is, nor do I care. We're

bargained: talked about terms or prices when buying or selling something

sick of him.' These were his words."

"Is that all? And now am I to choose?" I asked.

"That's all, my son and now you are to choose."

"Well," said I, "let the worst happen, I don't much care. I've seen too many men die since I fell in with you. But I have to tell you a thing or two," I said, and by this time I was quite excited. "Here you are in a bad way: ship lost, treasure lost, men lost; your whole business gone to nothing, and who did it all?—it was me! That's right, I was in the apple barrel and I heard you, John, and you Dick Johnson, and Hands (Hands is now at the bottom of the sea), and told my friends every word before the hour was out. And as for the ship, I cut her rope and I killed the men on board. I have brought the ship to a safe place. You'll never see her again, not one of you. I no more fear you than I fear a fly. Kill me if you like. But one thing I'll say, and no more; if you let me go, bygones are bygones, and when you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll do my best to save you. It's for you to choose.

I stopped, for I was out of breath, and not a man moved. Then I said again: "And now, Mr Silver, I believe you're the best man here, and if things go wrong with me, tell the doctor that I didn't die a coward."

"I'll keep it in mind," said Silver, in a strange voice; I didn't know whether he was laughing at me, or was admiring me. "So you took the chart from Billy Bones. First and last, Jim Hawkins has stood in our way!"

"Then he goes!" said the dark-faced seaman, Morgan,

bygones are bygones: let us forget the past

drawing his knife.

"Hold!" cried Silver, "who are you, Tom Morgan?"

Morgan held back, but there were black looks from the others and whispers. "Do any of you gentlemen want to have it out with me?" roared Silver. "Take a cutlass, then, and I'll see the colour of his blood!" Not a man moved, not a man answered.

"That's what you are," he added, returning his pipe to his mouth. "I am cap'n here by election. I'm cap'n because I'm the best seaman among you. You won't fight like gentlemen of fortune then, by thunder, you'll obey. I like that boy, now, I've never seen a better boy. I say no one will lay a hand on that boy!" There was a long silence as I stood straight up against the wall, my heart going like a hammer.

"You wish to speak?" said Silver. "Let me hear it."

"I ask your pardon, sir," returned one of the men, "by your own rules, I understand we can talk together. I know you are cap'n but I ask for my right, and will step outside for a talk." And with a salute this fellow,a tall, yellow-eyed man of thirty-five, stepped towards the door and disappeared out of the house. One after another, the next followed him, each making a salute as he passed.

"Now, look here, Jim Hawkins," said Silver in a whisper, "you're within an inch of death. I stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to,till you spoke up. I say to myself: You stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins will stand by you. You're his last card, and by thunder, John, he's yours! You save your

by election: selection by choice

witness and he'll save your neck!"

I began to understand. "You mean all's lost?" I asked.

"Ay, I do!" he answered. "Ship gone, neck gone. When I looked into that inlet, Jim Hawkins, and saw no ship—I gave up. As for those men, they have stepped out for a talk—they're fools and cowards. I'll save your life, if I can, from them. But see here Jim, tit for tat, you must save Long John from the gallows."

I was astonished—he, the old buccaneer, the leader, throughout! "What I can do, I'll do," I said.

"It's a bargain!" cried Long John. "you speak up boldly, and by thunder! I've a chance."

He took a fresh light to his pipe. "Understand me, Jim. I've a head on my shoulders; I am on the squire's side now. I know you've got that ship safe somewhere. I ask you no questions, and I won't let others. I know when the game's up, I do."

He poured some brandy into a tin.

"Will you drink,mate?" he asked. "No? well, I'll take some myself. And why did that doctor give me that chart, Jim?"

My face showed wonder and he saw questions were of no use.

"Ah, he did, though," said he. "And there's something under that,no doubt—something bad and good."

21 The black spot again

After some time, one of the buccaneers entered the log-house and asked for the torch. He went out again, leaving Silver and me together in the dark.

"There's a breeze coming, Jim," said Silver,who had by this time, adopted quite a friendly tone.

I turned to the loophole nearest me and looked out. About halfway down the slope to the stockade, the pirates were gathered in a group; one held the torch, another was on his knees and the rest were all round him. The man who was kneeling had a book and an open knife in his hand. After a little while he rose once more to his feet and the whole party began to move together towards the house.

"Here they come," said I and returned to my position.

"Well, let them come, lad, let them come," said Silver cheerfully. "I've still a shot in my gun."

After a while, the door opened and the five men, standing together, pushed one of them inside.

"Step up lad," cried Silver. "I can't eat you. I know the rules, I do."

The buccaneer then came forward and passed something into Silver's hand. The sea-cook looked at it. "The black spot! I thought so."

"This crew has served you the black spot. Just turn it over and see what's written there. Then you can talk."

"Thank you, George," replied the sea-cook. "You're always for business and have the rules by heart, I am pleased to see. Well, what is it anyway? Ah! 'Deposed'—that's it, is it? Your handwriting, George?"

"Come now," said George, "you can't fool this crew any more."

"I thought you knew the rules," said Silver, "I am still your cap'n, mind you—till you speak out your complaints, and I answer. Until then your black spot isn't worth a biscuit. After that, we'll see."

"Oh, you needn't doubt that," replied George. "As to them—first, you've failed with the treasure. Second, you let the enemy out of this log-house for nothing. Third, you wouldn't let us kill them on their way. And then, fourth, there's the boy."

"Is that all?" asked Silver quietly. "I'll answer these four points. I failed to get the treasure, did I? Well you didn't obey my orders, did you? You disobeyed, meddled and interfered with my plans and you lost the treasure and the ship! And you have the cheek to stand cap'n over me!"

I could see by the faces of George and his friends that these words had gone home.

"That's for number one," cried Silver. "Why, I am ashamed to speak to you. You are stupid and you don't remember. And about number four, why, isn't that boy a hostage? Are we going to lose a hostage? No; he may be our last chance. Kill that boy? Not

deposed: removed from office
hostage: a person kept by an enemy to make sure that promises will be kept

me, mates! And number three? A real doctor comes to see you every day. You, John, with your hand broken—or you, George Merry, shivering with fever till six hours ago. And as for number two, why, I let them go. For the stores, you were starving, remember? But that's nothing, fools, I let them go for this! Look there, that's why."

And he threw down upon the floor a paper. I recognised it at once—it was the map on yellow paper, with the three red crosses. Why did the doctor give it to him, I wondered. The buccaneers could hardly believe their eyes. They leaped upon it like cats upon a mouse. It went from hand to hand.

"Yes," said one, "that is Flint sure enough. J.F., and his mark below."

"Very pretty," said George. "But how can we get away with it? We've no ship."

Silver suddenly sprang up and stood with a hand against the wall. "I warn you, George, one more word from you, and I'll fight you. How do we get away? Why, how do I know? You tell me that—you and the rest, you lost the ship. At least you can speak politely and you shall, George Merry, by thunder!"

"That's fair enough," said Morgan.

"You lost the ship, I found the treasure," continued Silver. "Who's the better man at that? And now I resign, by thunder! Choose you cap'n now."

"Silver! Silver for cap'n! Silver forever!" they cried.

"So that's the tune, is it?" cried the cook. "George you'll have to wait, my friend."

That was the end of the night's business.

22 On parole

I woke up—indeed, all of us woke up, for we could hear the look-out's clear voice—"Log-house, ahoy! Here's the doctor." And the doctor it was. I was glad that the doctor had come, yet I felt uncomfortable. I remembered my disobedient and stealthy conduct, and when I saw where it had brought me—among what companions and surrounded by what dangers—I felt ashamed and could not face him.

"A very good morning to you, doctor!" cried Silver, wide awake and full of goodwill. "George, help Dr Livesey. Your patients are all well. We've quite a surprise for you, sir. We've a little stranger here—ha, ha! looking very fit!"

Dr Livesey was by this time across the stockade and in a changed voice he said, "Not Jim?"

"Jim it is," said Silver.

The doctor stopped and did not speak for a while. "Well, well," he said, "I'll see these patient of yours."

A moment later he entered the log-house, and without a smile for me, began his work among the sick. His life among these murderers hung by a thread, but he showed no fear. His manner reacted on the men, I thought, for they behaved towards him as if nothing had happened—as if, he were still the ship's doctor, and they faithful hands before the mast.

"Well," he said, after he had given them all medicine,

parole: to be set free on promise of not attempting to escape

"that's over for today and now I wish to have a talk with that boy, please." George Merry was at the door making a face because he had tasted some medicine; now he turned around and cried, "No!" and swore.

"Silence!" Silver roared. "Hawkins, will you give me your word of honour as a young gentleman—for a young gentleman you are—that you will not escape?"

I gave the promise.

"Then, doctor," said Silver, "just step outside that stockade, and once you are there, I'll bring the boy down on the inside, and you can talk." A few minutes after the doctor walked out, Silver and I went out, with his hand on my shoulder.

"Slow, lad, slow," he said. "They may jump upon us, if we hurry." As soon as the doctor and I were within speaking distance, Silver stopped. "You'll make a note of it, doctor said he, "the boy will tell you everything. I saved his life and was in danger for it. You'll speak me fair, doctor, and give me a bit of hope for the sake of mercy." Silver was a changed man, once he was out there and had his back on his friends.

"Why, John, you're not afraid?" asked Dr Livesey.

"Doctor, I'm no coward! But I'll admit I'm in for the gallows. You're a good man and true. You'll not forget I saved Jim. Now I leave you and the boy alone." He stepped back a little and began to whistle.

"So, Jim," said the doctor sadly, "Here you are. As you have sowed, so will you reap. I can't blame you, but this much I will say—when Captain Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off, and when he was ill, by George, it was cowardly to run away!"

I began to weep. "Doctor," I said, "do not blame me. I have blamed myself enough. They wanted to kill me, but Silver stood up for me. I can die—but what I fear is torture, If they come to torture me..."

"Jim," he said, his voice was changed, "Jim, I can't have this. Jump over, and we'll run for it."

"Doctor," said I, "I gave my word. You know very well that you wouldn't do it yourself; Silver believed me, I gave my word and back I go. But, doctor, you didn't let me finish. If they torture me, I may say where the ship is—I got the ship—she lies now in North Bay, just below high water."

"The ship!" cried the doctor.

Quickly, I told him of my adventures and he heard me out in silence. When I had finished, he said, "At every step, you save our lives. Do you think that we are going to let you lose yours? You found out the plot; you found Ben Gunn—the best thing yet. And talking of Ben Gunn—Silver! I'll give you a piece of advice," he said, as the cook came near again, "don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure."

"Why, sir, I'll do my best, I can only save my life and the boy's if I find that treasure," said Silver.

"I'll give you a bit of hope: Silver," said the doctor, "if we both get out alive from this island, I'll do my best to save you."

Silver's face was bright. "You couldn't say more, sir, not if you were my mother," he cried.

"Well, keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo. Good-bye, Jim."

halloo: shout to draw attention

23 The treasure hunt

"Jim," said Silver when we were alone, "if I save your life, you save mine and I'll not forget it. I saw you—the doctor waved to you to run for it—and you said no. This is the first sign of hope I have had since the attack failed, and I owe it to you. Now, Jim we're to hunt this treasure. You and me must stick close, and we'll save our necks in spite of the odds." Just then a man called to us that breakfast was ready, and we were seated on the sand, eating biscuits and meat.

"Ay mates," he said, "it's lucky you have Silver. I got what I wanted. Sure enough, they have the ship. Where they have it, I don't know yet. But once we find the treasure, we'll have to jump about and find out. And then, mates, if we have the ship we have won! As for the hostage," he added, "that's his last talk I guess, with any of his friends. Once we get both ship and treasure and are off to sea again, why, we'll talk Mr Hawkins into joining us. We'll give him his share, to be sure, for all his kindness."

It was no wonder the pirates were very cheerful. For my part, I was in low spirits. There was no doubt that Silver would turn either way at any moment. I had little taste in my breakfast and with a troubled mind, set out behind my enemies on the treasure hunt.

We made a strange sight: all in dirty sailor clothes, and all but me armed to the teeth. Silver had two guns on him, beside the great cutlass at his waist,

and a pistol in each pocket of his coat. Captain Flint sat on his shoulder. I had a line about my waist and followed him; he held one end of the line.

Some of the other men were carrying tools for digging, others were carrying meat, bread and brandy. All the stores, I saw, came from our stock. Silver had struck a bargain with the doctor, because he and his mutineers, with the loss of the ship, had nothing but water to live on. Thus we marched, one after another, to the beach. The two small boats were there and we carried them with us. As we went along, there was some discussion on the chart. The red cross marked, of course, too large an area, and the words of the note on the back were not clear.

A tall tree was thus the chief mark. Now right before us was a flat bit of ground, two to three hundred feet high, joining on the north the sloping shoulder of the Spy-glass. The top of this ground was full of tall pine trees. Which was the 'tall tree' of Captain Flint among these? After quite a long march we reached the slope and began to climb towards the tall pine trees. Suddenly the man on the farthest left cried aloud and the others ran towards him.

"He hasn't found the treasure," said Morgan, hurrying past us from the right,"for that's right at the top." Indeed, it was something very different. At the foot of a huge tree, a human skeleton lay, with a few bits of clothing, on the ground. Fear struck for a moment, every man there. "He was a seaman," said George Merry. He was bolder than the rest and had gone up to the skeleton; he was examining the bits of clothing.

"Ay, ay," said Silver, "you won't find a priest here!

But look at the way the bones lie. It isn't natural." We saw that the man lay straight—his feet pointing in one direction, his hands raised above his head, pointing in the other. "I have an idea in my head," said Silver. "Here's the compass; there's the point of Skeleton Island. Look, the bones point that way!"

Yes, the body pointed straight in the direction of the island, and the compass read E.S.E. and by E.

"I thought so," cried the cook, "this skeleton is a pointer. And by thunder! It makes me cold inside to think of Flint. This is one of his jokes, and no mistake. He and the six men were alone here; he killed them, every man, and he dragged this one here and laid him down to mark the direction. They are long bones and the hair is yellow. Yes, that would be Allardyce. You remember Allardyce, Tom Morgan?"

"Yes, yes," returned Morgan, "I remember. He owed me money, and took my knife ashore with him."

"Speaking of knives," said another, "let's find his. Flint wasn't the man to pick a seaman's pocket."

"That's true!" cried Silver.

"There's not a thing left here," said Merry, still feeling around among the bones, "not a copper coin. It doesn't seem natural to me."

"No, it doesn't," agreed Silver. "Great guns! But if Flint was living, this would be a hot spot for you and me. Six they were, and six are we, and bones are what they are now."

"If ever a spirit walked," said one of the men, "it would be Flint's. Dear heart, but he died bad!"

"Ay, that he did," said another. "He shouted, he called for rum and sang. 'Fifteen men', was his only song, mates and I didn't like to hear that song again."

"Come now," said Silver, "enough of this. Let's go on." Silver and his men sat down to rest as soon as they reached the high ground. As he sat, Silver looked at his compass. "There are three tall trees," said Silver, "in a straight line from the Skeleton Island. Spy-glass Shoulder means that lower point there. It's child's play to find the treasure now.

Since they found the skeleton, the pirates had spoken lower and lower. They were almost whispering by now, and the sound of their talk did not trouble the silence of the wood. All of a sudden, a thin, high, trembling voice struck up the well-known song.

"Fifteen men on the dead man's chest—
Yo-ho-ho, and a bottle of rum!"

I have never seen men more terribly frightened than the pirates. They turned pale, some leaped to their feet, some caught hold of others.

"It's Flint!" cried Merry.

The song stopped as suddenly as it began.

"Come," said Silver, struggling with his ashen lips to get the words out, "this won't do. I can't name the voice: but it's someone—not a ghost—someone that's flesh and blood." His courage had come back. Already the others began to listen to him and started forward. Again the same voice broke out at a distance, crying: "Darby McGraw! Darby McGraw! Darby McGraw!" again and again. "Darby fetch the rum."

The buccaneers were rooted to the ground, their eyes starting from their heads. "Those were his last words," whispered Morgan. Dick had his Bible out, and was praying loudly. Still, Silver was undefeated. I could hear his teeth chattering, but he pulled himself together. "Shipmates," he cried, "I'm here to get the treasure and I'll not be beaten by man or devil. I never was afraid of Flint in his life and by thunder, I'll face him dead. There's seven hundred thousand pounds, a quarter of a mile from here."

"Take care, John!" said Merry, "don't you cross a spirit." The men could not reply. They wanted to run away, but fear kept them together, and kept them close by John. He, on his part, had fought his weakness down.

"Well," said George Merry, "do you know what I think? It wasn't like Flint's voice—no, it was not a clear voice like his—it was like somebody else's—it was like—"

"By thunder, Ben Gunn!" roared Silver.

"Ay, so it was," cried Morgan. "Ben Gunn it was!"

"But Ben Gunn is not here in the body," said Dick.

"Why, nobody minds Ben Gunn, dead or alive," cried Merry.

Almost at once, their smiles returned. They were talking together and now and then they listened. Our way lay a little downhill. The pines grew wide apart and it was fine open walking here. The first of the tall trees was reached, and the compass showed that it was the wrong one. So with the second. The third rose nearly two hundred feet in the air above a group

of trees. The men knew that seven hundred thousand pounds in gold lay buried under its spreading shadow. All their fears disappeared and their feet grew faster and lighter.

Silver hobbled, grunting, on his crutch, his hands trembled, he pulled at the line round my waist, and from time to time, turned his eyes upon me with a cruel look. I could read his thoughts. In the nearness of the gold, all else was forgotten. He hoped to dig up the treasure, find the *Hispaniola* and board it at night; cut every honest man's throat on the island, and sail away loaded with crimes and riches. Shaken with these fears, I could hardly keep up with the treasure-hunters. We were now at one end of a bush.

"Hurrah, mates, together!" shouted Merry, and those in front broke into a run.

And suddenly not ten yards further, they stopped. A low cry rose. Silver rushed forward, digging away with the foot of his crutch, and the next moment he and I came to a dead stop. Before us was a very large pit. Someone had dug it up quite some time ago. The sides had fallen in and grass and grown on the bottom. Several packing-cases were thrown about, on one of them I saw the name *Walrus*, the name of Flint's ship. It struck them like a blow from a hammer. The hidden treasure had been removed, the seven hundred thousand pounds were gone!

24 The fall of a chieftain

There never was such a change of fortune in this world. The hopes of each of these six men crashed to the ground. But with Silver the blow passed quickly. He kept his head and changed his plan before the others got over their disappointment. He passed me a pistol and whispered, "Jim, take that, there'll be trouble in a minute." At the same time he began quietly moving northward, and in a few steps the pit lay between us two and the other five. His looks were now quite friendly, so he had changed sides again!

The buccaneers, with oaths and cries, began to leap into the pit, and to dig with their fingers. Morgan had found a piece of gold, and it went from hand to hand among them. "One gold coin!" roared Merry. He shook it at Silver. "You never make a mistake, do you, you scoundrel! I tell you, mates, he knew it all along. He knew there was no treasure here!"

"Ah, Merry," said Silver, "you are cap'n again."

This time everyone was on Merry's side. They came out of the pit with angry looks. There we stood, two on one side of the pit, five on the other. Silver did not move, he watched them and looked as cool as ever.

"Mates," said Merry, "there are two of them alone there. The man has only one leg, and the other is only a boy. We'll kill them both. Now, mates..."

Just then—crack! crack! crack!—three shots from a

gun rang out of the bush. Merry fell head first into the pit, Dick fell upon his side, dead, and the other three turned and ran for their lives. Quick as lightning, Long John fired two shots into the wounded Merry. "George," said he, "I have wanted to do that for some time. You'll never be captain, mate."

At the same moment the doctor, Gray, and Ben Gunn joined us from behind the bush.

"Forward!" cried the doctor. "Quick, my boys, We mustn't let them take our boats."

"Doctor," Silver called out, "see there! no hurry!"

We saw the three pirates running in the direction of Mizzenmast Hill. We were between them and the boats, so we four sat down to breathe, while Long John came slowly up.

"Thank you, doctor," said he. "You came in just at the right moment for me and Hawkins. And so it's you, Ben Gunn."

"Ay, I'm Ben Gunn," replied Ben, unable to look Silver in the eye.

"Ben, Ben," said Silver, "to think that you've beaten me."

The doctor sent back Gray for one of the pickaxes which was left behind by the mutineers in their flight. And then as we walked on, the doctor told us the story. Ben, in his long, lonely wanderings on the island, had found the skeleton—and then he had found the treasure, dug it up, and carried it to his cave two months before the arrival of the *Hispaniola*.

The doctor learnt the secret from him on the

afternoon of the attack. The next morning he saw that the ship had gone. Then he had called on Silver, given him the map (now useless) and the stores (Ben Gunn's cave had plenty of goat's meat, salted by himself). In return, his party could move in safety from the log-house to the two-pointed hill. He had done this in fear of the swamp fever and to keep a guard on the money in Ben Gunn's cave.

That morning he found me among the mutineers. They would be very angry when they found the treasure missing and might harm me. So he had taken Gray and Ben Gunn with him to be at the pine tree. But he saw that our party was before his and sent Ben Gunn hurrying ahead. Ben knew about his old shipmates' belief in ghosts. He worked so well on it that Gray and the doctor had time to come up and hide behind a bush before we arrived at the spot.

By this time we had reached the two boats. The doctor destroyed one of them with the pickaxe. We all got into the other and set out to go round by sea for North Bay. When we were at the mouth of North Bay, we found, to our surprise, the *Hispaniola* sailing by herself! The tide had lifted her and she had floated about here and there. Luckily for us, only the mainsail was torn and nothing more, We got another anchor ready and anchored the ship at Rum Cove, the nearest point for Ben's cave. Gray alone, went on board the ship to guard it during the night.

At the entrance of the cave the squire met us. To me he was kind and did not say a word in blame or praise. At Silver's polite salute, he coloured.

coloured: became red in the face with anger

"John Silver, you are a rogue and a scoundrel. The doctor asks me not to punish you, he has given you his word. But you have killed many men, sir, they hang heavily on your soul!"

"Thank you, sir," replied Long John, again saluting.

We then entered the cave. It was a large place with a little spring. The floor was sand. Before a big fire lay Captain Smollett and in a far corner, I saw heaps of gold coins and bars of gold shining red and yellow in the light of the fire. That was Flint's treasure. We had come so far to find it and it had taken the lives of seventeen men from the *Hispaniola*. How many it had taken in the past, what blood and sorrow it had cost, perhaps no man alive could tell.

"Come in, Jim," said the captain. "You are a good boy in your own way, Jim, and I like you, but I don't think you and I will go to sea again. Is that you, John Silver? What brings you here, man?"

"Come back to my duty, sir," returned Silver.

"Ah!" said the captain, and that was all he said.

What a supper I had that night, with all my friends! And what a meal it was with Ben Gunn's salted goat meat and a bottle of old wine from the *Hispaniola*! What happiness was ours! There was Silver eating heartily, ready to spring forward when anything was wanted—even joining in our laughter—the same polite, obedient seaman he was at the start of our voyage.

25 And last

We had to store all that treasure in the ship and the next morning we began our work early. Gray and Ben Gunn came and went with the boat, while the rest carried the treasure to the beach. I could not carry heavy loads, so all day in the cave I was packing the gold coins into bread-bags. The coins were strange, like those in Billy Bone's sea-chest. There were thousands and thousands of them, English, French, Spanish and Portuguese coins of the last hundred years.

This work went on for three days, and all this time we heard nothing of the three mutineers. On the third night the doctor and I were taking a walk and we heard sounds of screaming and singing.

"The mutineers," said the doctor. "Perhaps one of them is down with fever."

Well, that was about the last news of the three pirates. Once we heard a gunshot far away, and thought that they were hunting. We made up our minds to desert them on the island—to the great joy of Ben Gunn. We left them powder and shot, salted goat meat, a few medicines, tools, some clothing, a sail, some rope and tobacco.

At last, one fine morning, with the *Hispaniola* well loaded with our treasure and the Union Jack on its mast, we set sail. When the ship turned the southern

point, we saw the three buccaneers on the sand. They were kneeling together with their arms raised to us. They were begging us to take them on the ship. It went to all our hearts to leave them on that island but we could not risk another mutiny. The doctor called out and told them of the stores left behind, and where to find them.

The ship continued its course, it was getting further away from land and one of them—I don't know who—leapt to his feet with a cry, quickly raised his gun and sent a shot whistling over Silver's head and through the mainsail. After that we kept below deck and when next I looked out, they had gone out of sight. The island itself soon went out of sight in the growing distance.

We were short of men and everyone on board had to work—the captain alone lay on a bed in the stern and gave his orders. We sailed for the nearest port in Spanish America, for we could not make the voyage home without fresh hands.

It was just sundown when we threw anchor and were immediately visited by shore boats full of people selling fruit and vegetables. The doctor, the squire, and I went ashore to pass the early part of the night. It was so pleasant on shore that we only came back to the *Hispaniola* in the morning.

Ben Gunn was on deck alone, and Silver was gone. Ben said he had helped him in his escape in a shore boat some hours ago. He asked pardon for it. He did so only to save our lives, for it would be dangerous if "that man with the one leg had stayed on board" for

long. Long John had not gone with empty hands. He had cut through the cabin wall and had taken one of the bags of coins, worth perhaps three or four hundred pounds. We were all happy that he went with only that little bit of the treasure.

We got a few hands on board and made our voyage home. The *Hispaniola* reached Bristol just as Mr Blandly was fitting out a ship; he was going to look for us in it.

All of us, of course, had a good share of the treasure, and used it wisely or foolishly. Captain Smollett does not command ships any longer and lives a comfortable life. Gray not only saved his money but also became the owner of a fine ship. He is married and the father of a family. As for Ben Gunn, he spent all his money in a month. The squire bought him an inn; now he is a great favourite with the country boys, and a good singer in church on Sundays.

Of Silver we have heard no more. That terrible seaman with one leg has gone clean out of my life, but I believe he met his wife and perhaps lives in comfort with her and Captain Flint.

I still have bad dreams of the surf booming on the shores of Treasure Island and of Captain Flint's sharp voice crying: "Pieces of eight! Pieces of eight!"

Chapters 1 & 2

As you read

1. Who was the old seaman? How did he behave at the inn?
2. What effect did the doctor's warning have on the seaman?
3. "What is Black Dog?" Who said these words and when? Whom does 'Black Dog' refer to?

Looking at language

He was *as silent as a mouse.*

The words in italics form a simile. A simile is an expression which compares one thing to another and contains the word *like* or *as*. Complete these sentences using similes.

1. She was as pretty .....
2. He was as tall .....
3. Black Dog looked as ugly .....
4. Jim was as frightened .....

Developing your reading

What do you think the relation was between the old seaman and Black Dog? Does the meeting between these two give you some hint about what might have happened earlier, as well as what is going to happen later?

Chapter 3

As you read

1. How did the captain persuade Jim to serve him some rum? Why was Jim not willing to do so?
2. Why couldn't Jim tell what the captain had narrated to the doctor?

3. Describe briefly how the blind man made his way to the inn?
4. In what way was he responsible for Bill's death?

Looking at language

Find out the difference between these words. Use a dictionary if necessary.

worse	–	verse	cease	–	seize
raise	–	rage	flower	–	flour
sole	–	soul			

Developing your reading

What have we been told so far about the black spot? What do you think it is?

Chapters 4-6

As you read

1. Why did the villagers not help Jim and his mother?
2. Why did Jim and his mother go back to the inn?
3. What did they find in the chest?
4. Why were they forced to flee from the inn?
5. How did the blind man meet his death?
6. Whom did Jim meet after he and his mother were saved?
7. What did Jim hand over to Dr. Livesey and what did it contain?

Developing your reading

Can you draw a map, similar to the one described in this story, showing an imaginary island where some treasure has been buried?

Chapters 7-10

As you read

1. What was the 'Spy-glass'? Describe it briefly.
2. Why was the captain angry?
3. How do you think all the sailors on board knew everything about the voyage?
4. Why do you think Silver hated Trelawney?
5. How did the captain react when Jim told him and the others about what he heard in the apple barrel?

Looking at language

We come across a number of adjectives in the story. Not all words can be used to describe both persons and things. In the task below, cross out the describing words which cannot be used to describe the thing / person mentioned.

a person	–	clever, tall, long, weak
a story	–	dull, funny, ill, short
a wall	–	high, fat, thick, thin
a house	–	old, new, cruel, small

Chapters 11-13

As you read

1. Why did Jim want to leave the ship?
2. How was Tom murdered?
3. Who was Ben Gunn? Describe him in a few sentences.
4. Why did the doctor think that Jim was dead?
5. Why did the captain and his friends abandon the Sjolly boat?
6. Describe the fight between Jim's friends and the buccaneers. How was Tom Redruth killed?

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Looking at language

Fill in the blanks with the right preposition.

1. The town lies.....the river (across, over)
2. The match is.....India and New Zealand (among, between)
3. There is a tall fence.....the house (across, around)
4. The train passes.....a tunnel (into, through)

Chapters 14-16

As you read

1. What were the terms for peace offered by Silver to the captain?
2. How did Captain Smollett organise the defence of the stockade against the pirates' expected attack?
3. Why did the doctor set out into the forest? Was it as Jim had thought?
4. How did Jim plan his escape? Did he succeed?
5. Why did Jim want to cut the *Hispaniola* loose?

Looking at language

Complete the sentences below, taking the first one as your model.

a. After a drink of brandy, he looked quite a different man.
b. After ....., it looked quite a different house.
c. After ....., she looked quite a different woman.

Chapters 17-19

As you read

1. How did Jim lose the coracle?
2. What orders did 'Captain Hawkins' give Israel Hands on the *Hispaniola?*

3. How did Hands try to kill Jim?
4. How did Jim kill Hands?
5. What woke up the sleeping pirates? What happened to Jim?

Looking at language

Make nouns with the following words: The first has been done for you.

busy	–	business	serve	–	
complain	–		starve	–	
politely	–		resign	–	

Chapters 20-23

As you read

1. How does Silver try to make Jim join him? Do you think Silver really admires Jim?
2. What double game is Silver playing?
3. Why is Silver served the black spot?
4. Why did Silver lead Jim Hawkins on a line?
5. What did the pirates find at the place where the treasure was supposed to be buried?

Looking at language

Add suitable prefixes like *non, in, dis, un,* to the following words to give their opposites.

continue	happy	convenient
load	believe	correct
comfortable	sense	direct
violent	order	existent

Developing your reading

Do you feel that Jim Hawkins has all the qualities necessary to become the hero of this story? What are the desirable qualities that he possesses?

Chapters 24-25

As you read

1. How did the doctor defeat the pirates?
2. How did John Silver escape from the *Hispaniola?*
3. Why did Ben Gunn help him?

Looking at language

There stood Israel Hands, with his mouth wide open.

Make new sentences on this model by expanding the words below:

The burglar/hands/in the safe

The fishermen/net/empty

The dog/tongue/hanging out

Developing your reading

This is a story about pirates and buried treasure. What do you learn about pirates and their way of life from this book? Who are the pirates that have been named? What were the rules that the pirates followed in dealing with each other? What do the words Jolly Roger, black spot and maroon tell you? Do you find any other words in this book that tell you about pirates?

PANAF (Bifurcated)
High Security
Reserve Stock
6076

4

ORIENT LONGMAN EASY READERS

9 to 11 years

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